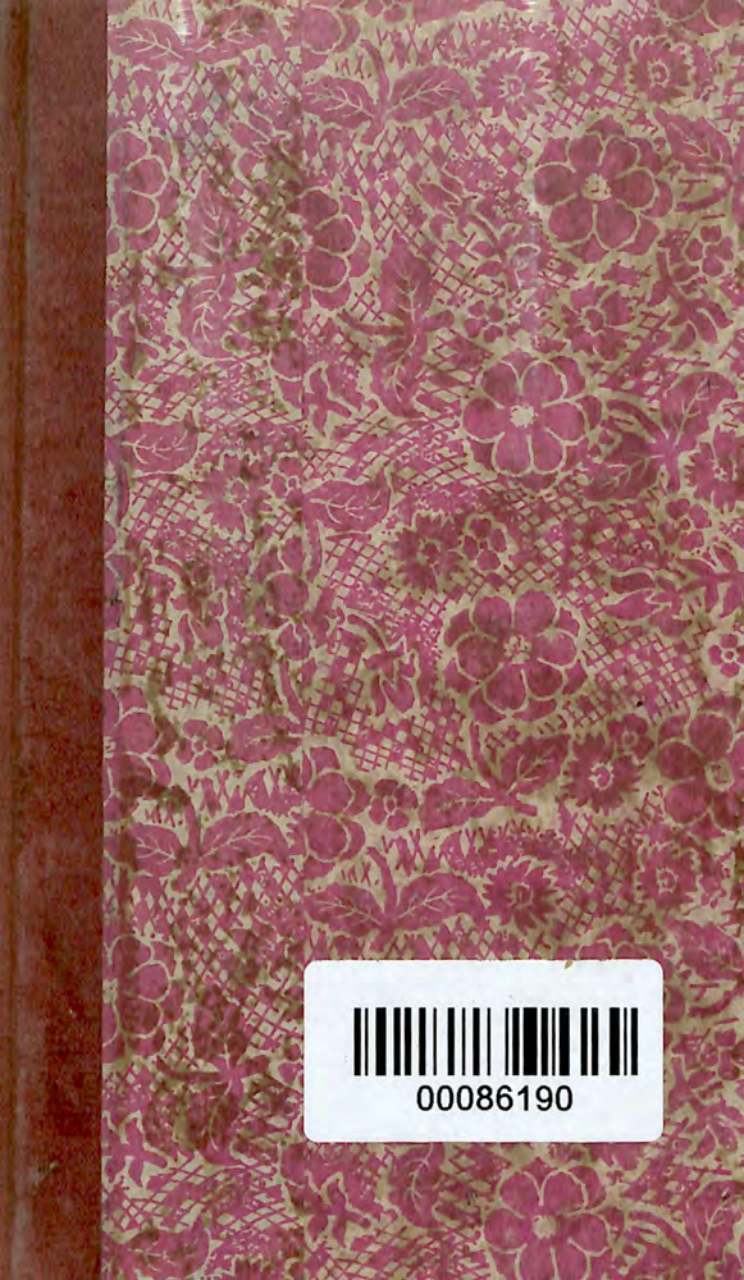
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SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTCH.

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SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTCH:

OR,

The Western Circuit.

By CATHERINE SINCLAIR,

AUTHOR OF "MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS," "MODERN SOCIETY," "HILL AND VALLEY," "CHARLIE SEYMOUR," "HOLIDAY HOUSE," &c. &c.

Brave world, that has such people in it!

SHAKESPEARE.

DEDICATED TO THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

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PREFACE.

Studious we toil, correct, amend, retouch,
Take much away, yet mostly leave too much.

It may probably be considered a somewhat presumptuous hope for the author to imagine she might add any interest to what is already familiarly known respecting past and present times in Scotland; and certainly if the many who could succeed in this attempt better, had undertaken the pleasing task at all, she might have entirely refrained from adding her mite to the general fund of entertainment on those interesting topics. The mine is abundant, and requires only to be worked, but strangers about to explore the northern

regions, vainly inquire for any recent work, to act as a clue in conducting them through the labyrinth of our Highland hills and glens, affording the general information, and local anecdotes, which add life and animation to that beautiful scenery. While the press abounds with interesting pages, describing the present state of the Pawnees, Zoolus, Red Indians, Thugs, London pickpockets, New Zealanders, and other barbarians, hardly one stray journal has ventured forth, these many years, respecting the almost unknown tribes of Caledonia.

An excursion in Scotland wants the novelty and adventure of savage life; neither can it boast of anything to compare with the gorgeous paraphernalia of a continental tour. The traveller must here dispense with carnivals, operas, cathedrals, restaurateurs, brigands, improvisatori, arch-dukes, and ex-kings; nor can he fall into raptures about the Venus de Medici, or the climate, but to compensate for these lamentable de-

ficiencies, we have in the Highlands old traditions, second sight, bagpipes, witchcraft, clans, tartan, whisky, heather, muir-fowl, red-deer, and Jacobites!

Should a single travelling carriage alter its course this year from Calais to the north, and trace out any part of this tour as it is described, with half the pleasure such an excursion is capable of exciting, the highest ambition of this volume would be attained, and the information afforded along the road will at least be found accurate. The author's chief perplexity has arisen, from being too intimately acquainted with the country, as she finds great difficulty in compressing this work within portable compass, and she has also been deeply solicitous, not in a single instance to infringe the sacred privacy of society, nor the confidence of domestic life; therefore her pages resemble the catalogue of a picture exhibition,—where landscapes only appear, they are described at full length,

and historical scenes are drawn without disguise, but when an individual is accidentally introduced, he always preserves a strict incognito, being mentioned as the "Portrait of a gentleman," or "Likeness of an officer in uniform," or "Sketch of a chieftain in Highland costume."

The author wishes the pen may fall from her hand, before she writes a page not devoted to sound religion and strict propriety, or which can injure either the dead or the living. She believes, however, it must be conceded by every candid reader, that while occupying her own leisure, and endeavouring to beguile that of others, in sketching these recollections of Scotland's present beauty, and of Scotland's former greatness, she has recorded

"Not one line that, dying, I would wish to blot."

SCOTLAND AND THE SCOTCH.

ROTHESAY.

TO A SCOTCH COUSIN.

> Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
> And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—It is said that, in most English schools, the pupils are obliged, during dinner, to devour a large portion of pudding, mere heavy, tasteless dough, before being permitted to partake of more palatable food; and on a somewhat similar plan, of beginning by a surfeit, it appears to me, that travellers generally treat their readers with dull tedious apologies for writing at all, followed by a wearisome

voyage, in which all the loathsome sufferings of sea-sickness are elaborately described. We used to wish formerly that a Professor of Good Advice could be appointed at the university, and I hope one of the first hints in his lectures will be, to make as short a preamble as possible, before endeavouring to amuse those who are amuseable, and to please those who are obligingly disposed to be pleased; therefore, in accordance with his supposed recommendation, I hereby omit the six pages of dreary dulness with which my letter ought to commence.

The world is shrinking into a mere nut-shell now, since places that seemed formerly at the world's end, are of late become attainable in a few hours. America only twelve days off! London so near, that the sealing-wax on our letters from thence has scarcely time to cool before we get them; and even the beautiful island of Bute, which we reckoned once upon a time as far off as Malta is now, appears to have floated so much nearer to the metropolis, that in one single day we have made a flight from Edinburgh to Rothesay. Whether in a balloon or otherwise it matters not, we found ourselves safely

landed on this charming spot, the Montpellier of Scotland, where consumptive patients, unable to endure any other air, find it possible to breathe with comfort, and where we felt the soft, balmy western breeze coming to meet us from the mouth of Rothesay bay. I really grudged that it should be wasted on us, when so many lingering invalids are longing for its almost magical influence on their wasted lungs. I shall never forget the fervour with which a sick young friend of my own once exclaimed, when suffering severely from the high, sharp, arrow-like winds of Edinburgh, "Oh! what would I not give for one single gasp of Rothesay air!" Brummel used to say he was ashamed of the weather in London, but here I am really proud of it, as you will begin to suspect, if I write about nothing else.

Rothesay bay is studded round with villas, of which there are not fewer than forty on the east end, looking like a one-sided street, its ranks are so regular, while to the west they fall into disorder, some houses being mounted high up the hill, keeping a look-out across the water, and apparently determined not to be overlooked in the world, while others lie snug and low on the

beach. The architecture is in different styles of ugliness, but all as frightful as stone and lime can make them; luckily, however, for their inhabitants, it is the inside of a house, and not the outside, on which comfort depends, consequently invalids must forget Rickman or Hunt on picturesque cottages, and be satisfied to recover under steep-slated roofs and chimneys, with no other ornament than a column of smoke.

In this little marine city, which is like Venus rising out of the sea, nothing surprised me more than to find neither baths nor bathing-machines? Rothesay has no right to call itself a sea-bathing quarter! Never was salt water so thrown away on any place! The little crisp, clear, crystal waves curl up on the beach most invitingly, sparkling and dancing in the sun, but when you ask, "Where are the machines?" echo answers, "Where?" No facility is afforded for enjoying what the Americans call "this privilege of water," either hot or cold, and the shore all round the bay seems as public as the Serpentine in London; therefore the inhabitants must dip into the ocean as you dip

into a novel, merely giving it a "supercilious glance." One very enterprising talker has talked for some years of trying, as a speculation, to establish baths here, on a scale worthy of Constantinople or Cheltenham, but his good intentions have ebbed and flowed so long, that I fear the sea will cease to be salt before he finally makes up his mind.

You could not easily find a pleasanter inn than this, which is exceedingly well kept by a Devonshire landlady, Mrs. M'Corkindale, who finds the climate so like that of her native land, she may not probably have yet discovered the change of latitude. From her windows, however, we have a scene not to be matched among the flat, smooth, well-rolled surface of a more southern landscape. The deep, intensely blue ocean is here framed in a circle of noble, solemn looking mountains, among which you would admire that curious museum of hills, with rough ragged tops, jocularly named "Argyle's bowling-green;" and far off on the opposite coast stands the ruined old castle of Toward, which once had the honour of Queen Mary's company at dinner; and also conspicuously

placed, is its lineal descendant, that handsome new mansion, looking like the king of all the villas, recently built by Mr. Kirkman Finlay, a stately, well-grown edifice, surrounded by a young colony of trees, tastefully sprinkled all over the pleasure grounds, which look so low and insignificant, that the place might be very appropriately called "Bushy Park." A large church has been erected near, but I observed no village likely to furnish an adequate congregation, though certainly it is beyond all ordinary calculation, the distance from which Highlanders will assemble in the house of prayer, and thankfully give as much labour to reap the bread of life on Sunday, as to earn their daily food during the week.

This evening we strolled out to see the small remains of Rothesay Castle, an ugly old thing, but respectably clothed with ivy; and it has a few interesting adventures to relate of former days, though none now remember its early grandeur, or mourn over its decay. These desolate and deserted walls, amidst the storms and trials of the world, were buffeted once by tempests, enlivened by sunshine, clouded by sorrow,

and echoing with laughter, but its tenants are all vanished,—

"the guid, the great,
And naething now remains,
But ruin sittin' on thy wa's,
And crumblin' down the stanes.

Here Robert the Third died of a broken heart, on account of his son, James the First, having been captured. Here Oliver Cromwell's troops came like a devastating flood upon the country, sweeping away all they could take or destroy,—here the Earl of Argyle's brother, in 1685, set fire to the castle, burning all that could be burned within it,—and here an ash-tree, recently contrived to grow on the summit of a stone arch, till the trunk attained to a circumference of nine feet, when it fell to the ground, and after so long setting an example of frugality in living without nourishment, it became a means of over-feeding others, having been cut into a dining-table for George the Fourth.

Within the Castle we admired a fine old thorn, six feet in circumference, and forty-five feet high, which fell prostrate on the ground

ast November, but still puts out a mass of leaves, as if the roots yet had nourishment from the ground instead of the empty air in which they are up-raised, preserving its foliage "green and fresh without, but worn and bare within." Though no one usually likes to have a thorn in his side, this old fortress looks much the better of its gay leaves and blossoms. During summer, divine service is occasionally performed within those roofless walls, where a numerous congregation assembles. The dissenters must be rapidly increasing at Rothesay, as their chapel was lately sold to the Episcopalians, after which they erected another three times as large. It is curious to observe, how precisely the architecture of churches may be considered characteristic of their doctrines and mode of worship,—the Roman Catholic edifices being generally all ornament and frippery, the established churches of England and Scotland less adorned, and the dissenters' chapels are everywhere like large chests, with a flat lid on the top.

Our cicerone through these ruins was no less a personage than the jailor of Rothesay, not at

all resembling the romantic beau-ideal of sternness and severity usually ascribed in fiction to those important officials, but more like the philanthropist Howard himself. He led us with much professional zeal, to inspect the remnant of a dark dungeon, formerly used for confining criminals, measuring only ten feet by fifteen, a dismal hole, with only an aperture above, not the semblance of a window, and containing a crevice in the roof, which served as a door. but was so narrow, that captives must all have been starved for some time, till they were thin enough to get in, and afterwards kept on spare diet if they were ever intended to come forth again. Here our friend the jailor expatiated very fully on the superior advantages enjoyed under his jurisdiction; and, certainly, that necessary evil, the county jail, which we saw, looks like Cardiff Castle, or any other nobleman's residence. No wonder that, when his guests have once conquered their natural horror of disgrace, they frequently return to the jailor's careful guardianship, where those poor creatures, who knew not formerly where to gain a dinner, are here at once transported into a

comfortable hotel, where they meet with kind treatment, fires in every room, excellent sleeping accommodation, regular hours, plenty of food, and nothing to pay. Some of the old women consider it a perfect home, and would feel more alarmed at the threat of being turned out, than of being shut in.

Next morning we had an anxious debate whether to hasten westwards, or to remain for a peep at Mount Stewart; but, after hearing counsel on both sides, the weather decided the question, by looking hopelessly gloomy; therefore it seemed more suitable for land than for water. Resolved, That, not being obliged to go 1000 miles in 1000 hours, we could spare time to see Lord Bute's charming residence on this island, which is quite a celebrated beauty, and having ascertained from our host that the distance was only four miles, an innkeeper's mile being always shorter than any other person's, we settled, after a truly Scotch breakfast of fish, flesh, and fowl, to walk the whole way.

It was a morning quite on purpose for the enterprise, with neither dust nor sunshine to render

it fatiguing; and, after crossing a short succession of hills, in some parts as bare and brown as roasted chesnuts, we were agreeably surprised to see the gate close to the sea-beach, and flanked by a very pretty, prosperous-looking village, tastefully festooned in all directions with fishing-nets, and with graceful lines of salted haddocks and whitings basking in the sun.

When advancing up the long and beautiful approach to Mount Stewart, where the trees were neither few nor far between, and their branches tossing in the air like the arms of Mr. —— when he makes a speech, nothing in Australia could have looked more solitary. Not a mouse was stirring, nor a living creature visible, to disturb the deep silence around; but, for natural beauty, it was impossible sufficiently to admire the prodigious arbutusses and laurels, the superb evergreen oaks, the long straight colonnades of trees, the sparkling sea, the green isles of Cumbra, and the bold wooded shores of Ayrshire, twelve miles distant. From thence the church bells at Largs are distinctly heard chiming on Sunday, in pleasing unison with the loud

dash of the ocean, while the wind blows a sort of trumpet accompaniment through the waving forests; and this, with the warbling of some hundred birds, must make a charming natural orchestra, which might find a ready echo in every heart.

We leisurely circumnavigated the house of Mount Stewart, which is ostensibly protected by a park of artillery, ten real live cannons, ready for duty, bristling along the front; but, in spite of this formidable defence, I shall venture to hint, that the external aspect is very like that of a dilapidated barrack, greatly requiring a few touches of the trowel from some skilful architect, to metamorphose the very plain front into a more tasteful exterior. The only ornaments of this edifice appeared on the leaden water-pipes, which are each decorated with eight coronets, reminding us of the gouty old peer in "Marriage à la Mode," who put a coronet on his crutch.

The entrance-hall at Mount Stewart is converted into a dining-room, and the door into a glass window, over the outside of which is carved, in stone characters, this inscription, written by

Prince Charles when in concealment on the island of Bute:

> "Henceforth this Isle, to the afflicted be
> A place of refuge, as it was to me;
> The promises of blooming spring live here,
> And all the blessings of the ripening year."

How much these lines might have gained in interest, if the royal fugitive had only added any allusion to his being a Christian! In the Swiss and German cottages, a text or a sentiment is very frequently engraved over the entrance, intimating the faith of their inmates; and it was a good old custom in our own country, thus to signify the belief and hope reigning within their walls, a magnificent specimen of which may be seen at Temple Newsome in Yorkshire, where a battlement surrounds the lofty roof, composed of capital letters, more than two feet long, standing up in full relief against the sky. I walked round the towering walls to decipher this code of moral and religious duty, which has stood so many centuries, reminding the noble proprietors of that holy religion in which their fathers lived and died: "ALL GLORY AND PRAISE

Be Given To God the Father, The Son and Holy Ghost, on High. Peace upon Earth. Good Will Towards Men. Honor and True Allegiance to our Gracious King. Loving Affections amongst His Subjects. Health and Plenty Within This House."

Near the door at Mount Stewart, a good-humoured watch-dog issued from its kennel, on the preventive service, but, except his rattling chain, there was nothing formidable about him. It was otherwise in respect to a large bird, ten times more ferocious, which strutted at large before the windows, magnificently dressed in black plumage and a red bill. This American pheasant made a formidable assault upon some visitors lately; but, heedless of danger, we courageously rang at the bell and inquired if the pictures were at home, which most fortunately they were, and we obtained an immediate introduction to an interesting series of family portraits, standing in regular rotation, from the grim, grisly knights of ancient days, to the sleek smiling courtiers of more recent years.

Nothing in the way of sight-seeing interests me half so much, as to go Paul-Prying among

the very rooms that have been inhabited by celebrated persons, and to see their almost living representations, which they sat for themselves, and approved of, each beholding as in a glass the reflection of his own features, which now seemed to gaze upon us from the walls like silent ghosts of the departed, exhibiting the very dress and attitude in which they formerly sat on these chairs where we sat, or gazed on the surrounding landscape which we were admiring. This is history and romance embodied at once before our eyes, and fills the mind with more of thought and reflection than even imaginary or allegorical painting, which is the poetry of that noble art, and affords pleasure of a totally different kind, peculiarly to be enjoyed when it raises elevated or devotional feelings, such as the paintings of Raphael, who consecrated his pencil successfully to sacred objects, declaring, that as he had not been born with the eloquence of writing or speaking, he would "paint to the glory of God."

We now stood in a fine cheerful room, completly pannelled round with the full-length portraits of celebrated personages, each of whom had

his eyes solemnly fixed upon us, as if he were asking what we thought of his appearance and character. As we sauntered along the apartments, every individual had some story or anecdote connected with his name, which had already made me have a sort of imaginary sketch of him in my mind's-eye. The Duchess of Lauderdale appeared first, looking as disagreeable and unamiable as she really was; and that scourge of Scotland, her husband, was, to use a favourite expression of young ladies in the present day, "a perfect horror!" A curious proof of their pride may be seen at their splendid residence, Ham House, where the long receiving-room has a raised enclosure at the farthest end, calculated only to hold state chairs for their Graces. The grasping and ambitious Duchess had a blemished reputation, and was even suspected of having acquired her widow's weeds by the revolting crime of poisoning the Duke, to whom, before marriage, she had been only too partial. I have been told that a gossipping chronicler of that period insinuates as much, saying, "age and discontent were the chief ingredients of his Grace's death, if the Duchess and her physician were free from

it; she had got all from him she could expect, and was glad to be quit of him." The fashion, of late so universal in India, of a widow burning herself with the body of her husband, was first introduced by the men, because in any matrimonial fracas, the ladies were so apt to divorce themselves, by putting a summary period to the existence of their better half. What affectionate solicitude married people would feel for each other, if we established the law mentioned by Sinbad the Sailor, that even death itself was not to separate a happy or unhappy couple, but they were invariably to be buried together.

The Prime Minister, Lord Bute, appeared next, so like George the Third, that they might have personated each other. He was a patriotic benefactor to Scotland, and among many other improvements, established the Botanical Garden in Edinburgh, and wrote, after his retirement from office, a work on British plants, in nine quarto volumes, of which he allowed only sixteen copies to be printed, though the copper-plates cost L.1000. Those book-mongers who estimate works by their scarcity, would be frantic to obtain one of these rare editions, which should be paid for with no-

thing more common than a Queen Anne's farthing, or the shilling in Queen Elizabeth's time, of which only one was ever allowed to be issued, because the stamp too faithfully represented her Majesty's wrinkles. The Prime Minister's son was so handsome and so silent, that when sent as Ambassador to Spain, an ill-natured wit of the day said he would do admirably at a court where there was little to say and nothing to do.

We admired much Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, the beautiful daughter of Charles the First, a grand majestic looking personage, with fine commanding features, who shared the fatal destiny of her unfortunate family, few or none of whom died in a regular way, but were all hurried out of the world by some cruel treachery or mischance. She was suspected to have been poisoned by her own husband in a fit of jealousy, but as the accusation was not entirely proved, a verdict might then have been given, like that of the Irish jury in a more recent case, "Not guilty,—but he had better not do it again."

In the dining-room at Mount Stewart hangs a portrait of Rubens, painted by himself, but

artists on such occasions have it all their own way, and generally make themselves each a perfect Adonis on canvass, perhaps what they wish to be, rather than what they are. We also saw a portrait, the perpetrator of which was certainly not given to flattery, exhibiting the countenance of Lady Jane Douglas, so well known to the Court of Session. She is dressed in a magnificent riding-habit of blue and gold, like an admiral's uniform, which would have astonished Stultz, and electrified the tournament itself! The great lawsuit of which Lady Jane was at all events the mother, had a curious effect on the society of Lanarkshire, where the two families of Hamilton and Douglas became naturally at enmity, and in the public meetings, each party stood at opposite ends of the room, surrounded by their respective friends, and watching with jealousy the least suspicion of attention to their adversaries.

We were much entertained with a droll animated picture of the great Lord Bute's three eldest daughters, all pretty, playing at romps in a garden, and equipped for the occasion in rich satin dresses, lace aprons, sleeves á la Carsan, and bodies to their frocks, apparently

tighter than any stays. This has narrowly escaped being a good picture, and was the more interesting, as all these three Graces made very illustrious marriages. One became Countess of Percy, who, after fifteen years' unhappiness, had her marriage annulled; another Countess of Lonsdale, and the third Countess of Macartney, wife of the Ambassador to China. Not one of these three sisters had children.

The second lady's husband succeeded a distant cousin, and got the estate without the title, but having the command of several votes in the House of Commons, applied to "the elder Pliny, Lord Chatham," that the family honours might be continued to himself, and, on being refused, merely answered in a threatening tone, "We are seven." This argument produced the desired effect at that time, and in the present day it would have got him a dukedom.

We were perfectly captivated by Kneller's portrait of the beautiful, witty, but cold-hearted and unamiable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It is loveliness personified, with an earnest, intense expression of countenance like life itself. No wonder that Pope lost his wits, great as they

were, at the sight of that countenance, animated with humour, intellect, grace, and vivacity, when the mere lifeless representation is so beyond a poet's dream. Her hair is unpowdered, and so carelessly dressed, she seems to have passed her fingers through it only a minute before. No ornament disfigures her simple attire of rich white satin, and she carries in her hand a book with golden clasps, very like a Bible, though the probability is rather against its having been one, unless merely carried for effect, like those you have seen used by ladies of fashion in London, set with clasps of turquoises and gold, as ornamental appendages to a dressing table,

> Where files of pins extend their shining rows,
> Rouge, ringlets, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.

In the dining-room hangs a beautiful mirror, presented by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her daughter, Lady Bute, quite an old historical piece of furniture, which is perfectly unique, the surface being painted nearly all over with wreaths of roses and lilies, so that the glass only appears in patches, as if real flowers were strewed upon water. Lady Mary's grand-

daughter, Lady Macartney, seems to have inherited none of her beauty, but she may very well have been more amiable. The attitude of her picture is uncommon, as she appears in a white muslin dressing-gown, and with a black ribbon drawn so tightly round her throat, that it choked me to look at her. She has her finger inserted, with an evident desire to loosen this uncomfortable bow-string, which the Thug himself need scarcely have tightened. It reminded us of the poor man in Yorkshire, who some years ago had epileptic fits; and his widow told a friend, "her husband could not die, poor man, though he struggled so frightfully, till at last she took a clean piece of tape, and twitched it round his neck, when he went off as quiet as a lamb."

A droll, fantastic-looking picture of Lady Mary Menzies served as a curious memorial of fashions long since extinct, with her little pink hat whimsically perched on one side of her head, a pink velvet habit, and such a waist! a sharp east wind would have cut her in two! She has a shepherdess's crook and a pet lamb beside her; but if all that is said be true, a pack of

cards would have been more appropriate, as many acres in Perthshire changed hands through her shuffling and dealing. She was sister to the Prime Minister, and had no family.

Ladies long ago exhibited more peculiarities of character than now, when the stamp of nature is polished off, like a well-worn shilling, and all seem exactly alike; but among those we saw on canvass here, none interested my curiosity more than the beautiful and eccentric Duchess of Queensberry, who had a strange delight in going about incog. like Haroun Alraschid, dressed frequently as a dairy-maid; and in this portrait her costume is very little above that of a house-maid. A whimsical proof of her skill in tormenting was shewn when country neighbours came equipped in their very best dresses to visit her Grace. She decoyed them out along the dirtiest roads, wearing her own cottage costume, and making the whole party sit down occasionally on any damp grass or mouldy walls that seemed most certain to ruin their finery. No fictitious tragedy could be more melancholy than that in which her manœuvres involved the Marquis of Drumlanrig, her son, who was en-

gaged to marry a very lovely and estimable young lady; but the Duchess contrived to intercept their letters, persuaded the disappointed lover, during a prolonged absence, that Miss Mackay had actually married another, and hurried him into a union with the lady her Grace preferred. Immediately afterwards the Marquis met the object of his earliest choice, and discovered the cruel deception his mother had practised upon him. On a journey with his bride, scarcely three months after their union, he shot himself, and the widowed Marchioness did not long survive. No excuse can be pleaded for the Duchess, unless the report be true that she was confined during some part of her youth in a strait jacket. Miss Mackay afterwards became Mrs. Macleod of Talisher, in Skye; and an old clergyman there, in describing her to me, observed, that she had become one of the most admirable women in her time, 'fit not merely to have been a Duchess, but an Empress."

There are two fine gardens at Mount Stewart, one for use, and the other for ornament. In the kitchen garden, the apricots and turnips seemed to promise equally well; and we discovered one

fig tree, with about two hundred figs, while others close by, with the same advantages, bore nothing but leaves, forming an excellent exemplification of the text, "by their fruits ye shall know them." It is an interesting remark of Bishop Hall's, that our Saviour, after exhibiting so many miracles of mercy to mankind on earth, chose at last to exemplify the future vengeance of God against sinners, not upon a living man, but, with characteristic goodness, he cursed only a tree.

We could not catch a cicerone anywhere, to do the honours of the fruit and vegetables, till at last a boy of fourteen appeared, smoking his pipe; and he seemed to have smoked away any brains he ever had, being most incomparably stupid. I once heard a patriotic Scotch gentleman exclaim, when he had applied to several persons in vain for information, "These people are as stupid as if they were English!" but this juvenile smoker knew nothing about any thing, and would have been disowned in every country. He was fit for no better employment than to sit under a gooseberry bush with his pipe, smoking the caterpillars to death. The boy was lazily doing what I suppose he called work; but it

made me sad to see a habit acquired at so early an age, which will rob him in after years of health, money, and time. I wish King James's "Counterblast against Tobacco" were re-published! How invariably we see, in every village, the little shop-board advertising "Tea, snuff, and tobacco," those three ruinous luxuries of the poor, on the more moderate use of which it would be well if divines would occasionally both write and preach. About L.60,000 is annually received in Aberdeenshire for black cattle, and a similar sum is every year expended in that county on tobacco and snuff! The very flies must be sneezing as they go along! Few people are aware to what a frightful excess the vice of opium eating has extended lately in this country, and how rapidly it is increasing, both in England and Scotland. I could name one apothecary's shop, where innumerable small packets, costing only a penny, of this pernicious drug, are prepared every night, and where a crowd of the wretched purchasers, many of them women, glide silently up to the counter, deposit the price, and without uttering a word, steal away like criminals, to plunge themselves into a temporary delirium,

followed by those agonies of mind and body by which both are at last distorted and ruined. We have all read the English Opium-Eater's Confessions, who took laudanum toddy after dinner for his refreshment! The fascinations of this drug are like those of the snake, whose victims see their impending destruction, and yet cannot resist the fatal impulse to go on,—an affecting instance of which is the well-known anecdote of Coleridge entreating that his friends would place him in a mad-house as his only hope of being cured; and few are capable of a high moral and religious effort, such as that eminent man successfully made, to rescue himself from the destructive propensity, afterwards using those affecting expressions, "I feel with an intensity unfathomable by words, my utter nothingness, impotence, and worthlessness, in and for myself. I have learned what a sin is against an infinite, imperishable being, such as is the soul of man. I have had more than a glimpse of what is meant by death, and outer darkness, and the worm that dieth not; and that all the hell of the reprobate is no more inconsistent with the love of God than the blindness of one who has occa-

sioned disease to eat out his eyes is inconsistent with the light of the sun."

The flower-garden at Mount Stewart, nearly a mile distant from the house, is situated on a very picturesque, irregular piece of ground, inclining towards the sea, and you will think I am copying a page out of some fairy tale, when you read a description of it. No shop for artificial flowers could look more brilliantly gay; and the richly adorned beds of roses and other blooming plants, were each like one of Madame Devis's boxes from Paris. A gigantic family of native silver firs are ranged in tall majestic solemnity around the gay foreigners, which form a curious contrast. Exotics scarcely to be reared by those who have a green-house elsewhere, flourish in this garden, as if they mistook Bute for the tropics, and seem to find no difficulty in accommodating themselves to the climate. Cape heaths flower luxuriantly in the open air, remaining out all winter, as well as standard plants of the magnolia grandiflora, which have risen to the height of eighteen or twenty feet. Myrtles blossom here like hawthorn trees, sweet almonds ripen, geraniums

are on fire with scarlet flowers, fuschias and camellias have been enlisted among the hardy plants, and we observed two cork trees very thriving, so that the noble proprietor might not only have a yearly vintage, but also grow his own corks. In short, it seems as if that which flowers once a-year elsewhere, blossoms twice here, and what grows six feet high in other places of the empire, grows twelve feet high in this more favoured spot.

The gardener displayed with some exultation an Arabian acacia, which had, he said, "wintered out the winter;" likewise Russian cranberries, yielding two crops every year, and the American andromeda, bearing large white wax or ivory bells, and giving out a charming aromatic perfume; but nothing is so difficult to describe or remember as a scent, so you must try to fancy it. The arbutus is in fruit all the year; the American honeysuckle is a superb plant, bearing fruit like a cherry, which is, however, a deadly poison; the arbor vitæ was covered still with the withered blossoms of last summer, and the orange trees here might have formed a grove worthy of Seville or Malta. Though they belong to a Tory,

the oranges are allowed to wear their own Whig colour, not being treated like those at a Conservative dinner last year, where they were all painted blue!

It was curious, instead of being ushered into a steaming hot-house, where the plants and ourselves would have been in a high fever, thus to visit, in the free open air, representatives from so many soils, America, Russia, China, Arabia, Spain, and the Cape, all vying in splendour and beauty, and this whole garden, containing four acres of charming, undulating ground, is kept in first-rate order by one clever, communicative, civil man, who said he laid it out himself, during the former Marquis's time, and without having ever allowed a single individual to assist, has reared every one of these plants! Such a gardener would be cheap at any salary, doing the work of at least four ordinary men! His fancy has been indulged in some odd devices, and among others, the rosary is laid out like a wheel, at every spoke of which stands a gate, so that it seemed exactly on the plan of John O'Groat's house, with eight entrances.

In the garden we really had a perfect carni-

val of birds as well as of flowers. "It was quite a bird concert, and one little songster poured out such a flood of harmony, that, if not a nightingale he deserved to be one. Neither Pasta nor Rubini have a shake to compare with him! What a saving of labour it would be, if we were all born ready taught musicians as birds are, instead of ladies being bound apprentices to music for nine good years of life, that they may learn to play perplexing tunes with impossible variations, carefully acquiring "nimble fingers and vacant understandings." It has been quite a calamity to the middle classes, that every farmer's daughter now must indispensably learn jingling, for it cannot be called music when played on such cheap pianos as they can afford, tuned only once a-year, and sounding at best like a poker and tongs. Poor Strauss and Rosini! I was amused to hear lately of a music master, unable to endure indifferent scholars, who taught on dumb pianofortes, and only treated his pupils to audible ones when they played so as to afford him pleasure, which in some cases would be never. I called some years since at a farm-house, built,

like all its cotemporaries, on a scale out of proportion to the rent. There the young "ladies" had left their milk-pails to practise the Swiss Ranz des Vaches, and played "Corn-riggs," instead of cutting them; but it was an amusing mixture in the large empty unfurnished drawing-room, to see a piano-forte standing at one end, and a pile of carrots and turnips at the other. Our obliging cicerone, the gardener at Mount Stewart, was rather *ad libitum* in his pronunciation of names, and when shewing us a very beautiful peony tree, he remarked that it produced every season a great many "fine pianos!"

Several of the walks at Mount Stewart are quite blockaded with trees, so thickly leaved, they might pass for hay-cocks. Some rise to a very gigantic height, and we saw one with fifty feet of clear stem, before the branches were set on, and many have ingeniously contrived to flourish in a glen where they never saw the sun in their lives. In one avenue, beneath the "pillared shade" of some tall cathedral-like beeches, there lives a numerous colony of herons, whose habits of life are most amusing to watch. I have always envied that man in the Arabian nights, who un-

derstood the language of the animal world, and certainly they do act with so much appearance of unity and design that they must have some mode of communication unperceived by us.

> "We need not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
> If birds confabulate or no!"

In the forest sanctuaries here, I wished myself a botanist! The grass is a living carpet of wild flowers, including a whole Flora Britannica of blue bells, orchusses, hyacynths, periwinkles, cowslips, veronicas, wood sorrel, wild geraniums, and the gay white flower of the wild leek, which sent forth its perfume far and wide, with a fragrance so disagreeably powerful, as to make me wonder less than formerly at the lady who cut off her husband's thumbs for eating garlic. The poor people collect this weed in great quantities to flavour their "excellent family broth."

Our paragon of gardeners became so zealous about parading us over the grounds that he sacrificed his dinner in the cause, and very near sacrificed his child also. A little helpless dot of a thing accompanied us about half the distance, but when a longer peregrination was projected,

he desired the poor infant to find his own way home, which I sincerely hope he did.

We walked back towards Rothesay, by a circuitous path along the sea-shore, and were astonished to see a crescent of villas nearly the whole way along, in every variety of shape, size, and dimension, but all with considerable pretensions to magnificence. Lord Alvanley once remarked that the chief wonder of Doncaster races was, to see several hundred men of L.5000 a-year, whom no one had ever heard of before, and, I felt somewhat similarly astonished at the affluence of Bute! If any one wishes to be rich —and some people really do,—let me recommend him to become a Glasgow architect, as the rage for villaing fifty miles west of that city is quite incredible, owing to the number of retiring shop-keepers, who wish to indulge their rural propensities, and, as the old song says, "to sit upon benches and sleep upon roses." At Glasgow it is quite a peculiarity to be poor. The first mansion pointed out for our admiration, belonged to a ci-devant dealer in snuff and tobacco, who has hit off a house quite in the style of a snuff-box, being a low oblong square

with a flat lid on the top, and a precipitous hill which rises behind has been divided by walls into an appearance exactly resembling the shelves of a shop. A retired builder testified his grateful attachment to stone and mortar, by enclosing himself within so lofty a wall, that I mistook his villa for a mad-house; and a third, belonging to a wealthy calico printer, had the walls richly flowered with a showy pattern of roses, and the windows fringed with leaves,

> —— rather fine than neat;
> And guests politely call his house a seat.

In the evening we drove three miles through the narrow by-ways and almost trackless fields, to visit Kean the actor's cottage, beautifully situated on Loch Fad, a charming fresh water lake, three miles long, as blue and serene as the sky overhead, and surrounded by noble hills, natural wood, and magnificent evergreens. It was a singular freak for a public character, who so long heard the plaudits of London ringing in his ears, to bury himself in a solitude so remote, sequestered, and inaccessible, where he was beyond the reach of audiences, clubs, rail-

roads, steam-boats, or even carriages; but I suppose he felt oppressed with a sense of conspicuousness, like a certain authoress, whose biographer describes her complaining, that she was "wearied of the glare and dust of her own celebrity! *blasée* with *fades* flatteries! pursued by adulation, and perplexed how to bury her fame!" The cottages that look best in landscape paintings, and describe charmingly in poetry, are not the most enjoyable for living in, therefore Kean sacrificed the picturesque for good solid brick-and-mortar comfort, not even indulging our eyes with a thatched roof, but substituting a steep, ugly, substantial canopy of slates, which put to flight our most romantic anticipations, while the large, square, matter-of-fact windows, gave a last finish to its ugliness.

Over the gate he placed his own marble bust, by Thom, surrounding it with the monumental likenesses of those whom he justly considered kindred spirits, Garrick, Massinger, and Shakspeare. Like the bard of Avon, Kean planted a mulberry tree in his garden, which grew and flourished, an object of the greatest interest and gratification, till one fatal morning, when, from

the window of his dressing-room, he observed an old man's cow devouring the precious plant! Without waiting to complete his toilette, he instantly dashed off a letter to the factor of the property, complaining vehemently of this trespass, and offering so exaggerated a rent for the field in which this offending animal had hitherto pastured, that the original tenant got a hint to retire. This hasty transaction, however, raised the expense of his pleasure-grounds so exceedingly, that his successor did not serve himself heir to the little property, which lapsed into Lord Bute's possession, and is now tenanted by Mr. Newman, who mentioned that the whole rent he pays is not equal to what Kean gave for that one field. The drawing-room walls are decorated with a Swiss paper exhibiting theatrical designs for tragedies and comedies, warriors fighting, lovers loverizing, and all the paraphernalia of stage effect. Here Kean sometimes treated his unsophisticated neighbours at Rothesay to a few dramatic scenes, which in London would have drawn mobs, and there attracted as large a crowd as Bute could furnish; but, before long, he tired of rural felicity, and

forsook his Hermitage to seek happiness where it never can be found,—amidst the noisy plaudits of a crowded theatre, and in scenes that his better feelings condemned.

One of the villas which attracts most notice near Rothesay at present, is that in which Lady Kintore's servants were so terrified last year, by "supernatural noises." They refused at last to remain; but I never saw any house less suited for an apparition, as ghosts generally perform their parts with suitable scenery and decorations, in some old tumble-down castle, but this is quite an unromantic, every-day, modern edifice, perfectly unfit for the marvellous, yet here, last season, were French abigails and London butlers all in a panic, magistrates taking depositions, masons pulling down the partitions, and every thing, in short, got up, quite in the Cock-lane ghost style, till at length a mysterious knocking in the walls proving quite incorrigible, the inmates all departed, leaving the ghosts to themselves, rent-free. When people once become thoroughly wound up to a belief in the supernatural, I believe their agonies when alone at night are such, that it would be a relief to

see even a real live robber, with a pistol at your head, threatening to shoot you; and some of the good folks on this occasion appear to have been almost in that state, though perhaps the servants, wearied of living so retired in Bute, knew more about the matter than they chose to acknowledge. Another house, situated in Aberdeenshire, perplexed the inhabitants this year in a similar manner, scarcely to be outdone even by the case of Wesley's parsonage at Gainsbro'. The kitchen dresser jerked about in a most unearthly manner, the meat bolted out of the pans, the plates were unaccountably hurled on the floor, and the very bread would not lie still in an ordinary business-like way to be eaten, but skipped about as if it had been possessed. The parish clergyman was actually twice summoned to officiate in laying those unsettled spirits, and accordingly he used his best endeavours, which had the happiest effect in most cases, but one unruly mustard-pot, I am told, continues to dance about in a most supernatural manner, to the awe and astonishment of all beholders. It must certainly be cracked!

We are now preparing to leave Rothesay and

the six thousand inhabitants of Bute, with much esteem and regret, after having seen more of the island, during a two days' residence, than some of our friends during as many summers; but strangers in any place make a point of seeing it thoroughly, while residents put off, what can be at any time done, from day to day, till "*le bon temps est passé*," besides which, they gradually get into such regular tread-mill habits, that the effort would be intolerably troublesome, to stray, for any inducement, beyond their customary beat! Now for a moral reflection! I see it temptingly before me, ready to fill up this vacant corner in my paper; but you have made one already, for who has not experienced, in more important things, the evil of delay, and the power of habit?

Did you ever hear of the Irishman who mentioned that he had read Johnson's Dictionary straight through, and thought it interesting, though rather unconnected? Now, my letter will be perfectly satisfied if you pronounce as favourable a verdict on its merits, seeing there is no visible hook and eye to connect the parts together; but you may safely take up the pages,

or lay them down at any place, without fear of losing the thread, as there really is none, and the sooner you answer this the better, telling me all about every body, and a great deal besides. I should like to be "pursued," like Mrs. Hemans, by "a Maelstrom of letters," till my desk "boils over;" and no autograph can be more precious to any collector, than yours is to your affectionate cousin and sincere admirer, ——; there, by the way, is a turn quite in the old school, for all letters ended long ago by the writer bringing in his name with a neat sweep, making it part of the sentence. We see this successfully achieved by that model of formal letter-writers, Mrs. Montague, and ditto Pope, Madame de Sevigné, and all the standard writers of those literary days. That fashion is, however, now exploded, but not, I am sorry to say, the fulsome adulation with which all authors, in all ages, past, present, and to come, even Christians! have bespattered each other, exchanging panegyrics like any other article of barter, dealing out flattery by the ounce, and receiving back compliments by the hundred-weight. You are scarcely a "licensed hawker," not being yet

in the press, but only print a single sonnet, and the shades of Grey and Goldsmith shall be invoked to hail a kindred spirit, or called on, if you like the doze stronger, to "hide their diminished heads." What a strange state the world must have been in before writing was invented! I have often wondered how the ancient patriarchs passed their time, living several hundred years without books, letters, manufactures, shops, or even money, for the world would fall into a perfect stagnation now without them all.

KYLES OF BUTE.

WRITTEN IN HALF A-DOZEN PLACES.

Let the lily of France in luxuriance wave,
Let the shamrock of Erin its beauty maintain,
Let the rose of fair England still waft its perfume,
But the thistle of Scotia will dearest remain.

My dear Cousin,—The best moralists have found out, that, if our duties are to be well performed, we must convert them into pleasures, and accordingly I have performed that happy transformation, in respect to keeping up our correspondence, which is so much more a pleasure than a duty, that if the custom of letter-writing had not been established before our time, I should certainly have invented it to-day, in order to make you a partaker in scenes of delight and admiration, which would soon fade away entirely from my own recollection, like the

bright colours of twilight, melting into darkness and oblivion, but for the opportunity thus afforded me, to record the flitting impressions of the moment, hot and hot as they occur.

The romantic Kyles of Bute, celebrated for their rugged magnificence, are frequently compared to the Rhine, but, in my opinion, decidedly superior. Never having yet steamed down that far-famed river, some matter-of-fact persons might be apt to consider my authority questionable, but you will be as ready to stand up for Scotland as myself, seeing we are like the actors in the Critic, "when we do agree, our unanimity is wonderful." I have heard many travellers, after an impartial examination of both, however, pronounce their verdict in favour of our own scenery, on account of the many beautiful residences on the banks. The Frith of Clyde is a hard-working arm of the sea, every drop of its waters being on duty daily, in the boilers of those innumerable steam-boats which ply incessantly on its widely-extended surface, all moving miracles of fire and water, in one of which we proceeded westwards, through scenery that has few equals in the world. At

every turn, the mountains seemed to close round us like those that stopped the career of Captain Ross, and we were imprisoned within a circular barrier of wooded and rocky hills, with "the blue above, and the blue below," but the narrow sea still found its own way out of the labyrinth, and carried us along with it, through a maze of beautiful old castles, villas, and villages, all sprinkled about by the finger of taste, and looking their very best, under a bright glowing sunshine. I should like to live a hundred summers, equally divided among the hundred places we passed during these few hours, merely catching a momentary glimpse of their velvet lawns, drooping trees, smoking chimneys, which promised internal comfort, rustic chairs that seemed growing spontaneously out of the ground, and a noble array of "handsome mountains," uniting grandeur to grace, and giving a dash of perfection to the whole. "Never did fifty things at once appear so lovely,—never, never."

Among those shifting scenes, the first which claimed our notice was the old castle of Kames, and afterwards South Hall, a house not very illustrious in respect to architecture, and glaring

in a new dress of whitewash, which seemed to have been put on fresh and clean that very morning; but it is an extremely pretty place, with an appearance of perfectly English comfort. We felt conscious at a glance, that the proprietor, Mr. Campbell, is not an absentee, as he evidently pays great attention to embellishing the beautiful grounds, and every cottage on the green hills around is clad in the same spotless livery of white, looking at a distance like poached eggs on spinach. Each tenant is allowed a barrel of lime gratis, whenever he chooses to refresh the brilliancy of his walls, which certainly require no bleaching liquid to whiten them. One of Mr. Campbell's people gained lately the Highland Society's prize for exhibiting the neatest cottage in this county, and the competition has become more eager every year, producing most beneficial effects on the comfort of all parties, who thus acquire habits of activity and cleanliness, which are rapidly diffusing themselves over every part of Scotland, where it is thought the ancient family of M'Clarty will soon be extinct.

Nothing is so difficult in landscape gardening,

as to plant a hill judiciously; and in this neighbourhood there are some lamentable failures, one being divided into clumps, representing exactly the nine of diamonds, and another we saw whimsically arranged in squares of light and dark-coloured trees alternately, like a gigantic chess-board. If there had only been men in proportion, we might have sat down to a game at once.

The expense of a passage on board those fine Clyde steam-boats is so low, that the price of travelling averages less than a halfpenny per mile, which must be nearly as cheap as the wear and tear of shoes for walking, but even allowing for this, it is astonishing to see what crowds of very poor people are hurrying about from place to place, at what must be a great expenditure to them, considering that they may not always meet with persons so generous as the waggoner, who allowed Whittington to walk beside his cart for nothing. Several old women, clothed in blue or scarlet cloaks, to hide all deficiencies, came on board, bringing a hen, or a dozen of eggs, to pay for their passage, instead of mere vulgar money, which had a most primitive appearance.

Nothing is more curious than to observe people's different ways of getting through life; and proceeding onwards, we admired a cottage belonging to an English clergyman, who has retired here beyond the cognizance of bishops, and who hermitizes, independent of any companion except the sea-gulls and herrings, with a mountain behind him, and the ocean in front. On a small rocky islet, producing not one blade of grass, the reverend proprietor has reared a sort of porter's lodge, or some such nondescript ornamental edifice, wishing, perhaps, to cheat himself into the belief that he has a neighbour within visiting distance, but no highroad passes nearer than five miles from this solitary residence, the only access to which, by land, is over a trackless mountain, on which no wheel has ever rolled. Even in the Highlands, where people travel farther to hear a good sermon than elsewhere, this retired divine, who would have made an excellent Roman Catholic saint, could not, if he wished it, gather a congregation together, as the great bell of Lincoln might ring its "pond'rous knell" on the shore without reaching any human ear but his own, so detached

is he from all human sympathy or intercourse.

On the glittering ocean, near this charming little *bel retiro*, we were shewn a fine sloop, careering along, with every sail set, a perfect emblem of joy and prosperity; but I was told that a very few days since, this gay-looking vessel had been suddenly upset, when three sailors, then on board, were drowned. It lay afterwards, apparently as inaccessible as the Royal George, under twelve fathoms of water, but was raised again by means of empty hogsheads being sunk, and fixed to the sides, so that their buoyancy brought the vessel up in company to the surface again, where we saw her now gracefully dancing on the waves, perfectly reckless of the giddy *faux pas* by which she had consigned her whole crew to a watery grave.

After winding, turning, and meandering some time longer through the Kyles of Bute, till we faced almost every point of the compass in succession, another lovely cottage was displayed, looking as if it had arrived in a box from Richmond Hill, being a perfect nest of beauty, tastefully built, and highly ornamented, rising amidst

a verdant lawn, and encompassed by a rich profusion of trees. We were preparing a few exclamations of admiration and delight, when a good-natured friend, who had obligingly appointed himself our "Tourist's Guide," and knew a history for all we saw, pointed out within a few yards the ci-devant proprietor of this little fairy dwelling, who actually ruined himself in his enthusiasm to embellish it. He is a military-looking man, of good address, and old family, but sold his commission in the army, that here he might exchange the sword for the ploughshare. Afterwards, he found the expense of building so great, that he had to part with the place which he had ruined himself to adorn; he then enlisted under General Evans, but "still to his mouth adhered the wooden spoon," for in Spain he lost his all, and now subsists on charity. We do occasionally see some melancholy illustrations of the old proverb, "he who is born under a three-halfpenny planet, will never be worth twopence;" but the chief moral to be drawn from this "owre true tale," is, that no one should neglect the admonition of Scripture, to "count the cost" before he begins to build.

From the moment any Scotch proprietor lays the foundation of a new house, he may consider himself a bankrupt, because he never leaves himself a sufficient income to inhabit it, and he never seems able to stop while a stone remains in the quarry. It is a national mania to overdo both our public and private buildings, for, as Burns says, "'tis pride lays Scotland low," and many a vacant, unfurnished drawing-room, many a cold, wide, ill-lighted staircase, and many a comfortless dining-room, that never saw a dinner, bears witness against the founder that he calculated two and two would make five. It is a golden rule, that every house should be rather too small for the proprietor's income, and those who build a castle in the air, should wait till they are circumstanced like Lord Bacon, who was censured by Queen Elizabeth for having very small rooms, when he courteously replied, "Your Majesty has made me too large for my house!" When our unfortunate fellow-traveller had built himself out of house and home, the cottage was purchased by a rich widow, who bequeathed it to her nephew, a respectable fishmonger from Paisley, and he may now be seen

watching from his window shoals of living fish passing along with provoking impunity, when they might formerly have made his fortune in the shop, with a due proportion of lobsters and oyster sauce.

We next transferred our admiration to the Arran mountains, with their torn, ragged summits, and almost inaccessible crags, which realise your definition of a precipice, being all "perpendicular heights, from which any one throwing himself would be killed on the spot." These hills are quite a botanical garden, abounding in rare plants, one of which was given me formerly to taste, and had exactly the flavour of an oyster.

Towards evening we doubled Aird Lamont point, reckoned, on this coast, a perfect Cape of Good Hope for storms; but the wind treated us with extraordinary consideration, only blustering a little, to show its own importance, while our smoking vessel staggered along like a tipsey man, reeling away from a noisy, scolding wife. The Lamonts are among the very few clans whose chieftainship remains undisputed, as there is scarcely another family of the name, except that of the present Laird. They once possessed the largest estates, next to the Duke of Ar-

gyll's, in this county. Scotch entails are made of tough materials, but nevertheless much of their original property has escaped to other proprietors, yet an elegant modern house, beautifully situated, and facing several arms of the sea, still belongs to the chief, though, after having expected a castle as old as his pedigree, I was quite disappointed to see one scarcely a day old.

We now advanced towards a cluster of places belonging to Campbells, of every date, rank, and degree, in one of which the poet who adorns that name is said to have written his "Pleasures of Hope,"—a work, the success of which must have more than realized every hope or wish an author could entertain, and often "charms when pleasures lose the power to please."

Some time since, a West Indian planter amassed an extensive estate, in the very centre of all the Campbells, by purchasing every small property as it fell into the market, and thus becoming what is called in Scotland "a laird eater." All the Captain Campbells were indignant at this intrusion, as unwelcome and unexpected as the presence of a stranger among the ancient

tenants of a rookery. Not one of them deigned to leave his card upon the *nouveau riche*, whom they nienamed "the great treacle merchant from Glasgow," and at last finding himself so lonely and unsociable, he made a final effort to be neighbourly, by writing this very simple appeal to one of the clan Campbell, who related the circumstance, "Shouldn't you visit me?"

The first ten miles of Loch Fyne are fine only in name, as here and there we took leave of trees entirely; but the beach is beautifully smooth, and the water clearer than a diamond. At Tarbert, a name which means "the boat carrying," we were amused at the story of a Norwegian king six centuries ago, who had been promised possession of every island in the west of Scotland which he could circumnavigate with his boat; so he caused himself to be dragged in a small skiff across the narrow isthmus, only three miles in breadth, connecting the southern part of Argyleshire with the mainland, and claimed possession of that fine tract of country. What would the Jockey Club have said to this rather black-leg transaction?

Soon after passing Tarbert, in a very good,

well-wooded, and conspicuous "location," we admired Barmore, a handsome new house, in Burn's best style of architecture, commanding on one side a fine view of the Clyde, and in the opposite direction, a long range of Loch Fyne, but in front the whole edifice is modestly concealed behind a small round island, or peninsula, the effect being very much as, you might imagine, if a young lady lowered her parasol, not to be stared out of countenance, and yet glanced out on each side, to see that she was not entirely overlooked.

Strangers here are much perplexed by the universal custom of calling proprietors by the name of their estates, which is necessary on account of every gentleman bearing the same surname. A Miss Campbell, who married once in Norfolk, brought her husband to visit in Argyleshire, and soon afterwards, at a dinner party, the host politely asked his guest to take wine, adding, "Machrehanish, Auchnacraig, Drumnamucklock, Achadashenaig, and Fasnacloich will join us!" The bewildered Englishman could not conceive what these uncouth sounds might mean, till

he hastily glanced round the table, and saw five eager faces looking towards him, with cordial smiles, and extended glasses!

Inverneil, belonging to the clan Campbell, is rather small, but pretty, and poetical looking, surrounded by romantic hills, wood, and water, which would do admirably in verse, with the embellishment of a few golden sunsets, and silver moon-beams, if we could find rhymes enough. It is rather hard upon landscapes of great merit and beauty, such as many we passed to-day, that the Cumberland lakes had the good fortune to monopolize so large a share of our bards; and I wish we could bring a poet-of-all-work here, to celebrate those places I am about to describe, which had not the mere villa-look of vulgar prosperity, but an air of elegance and refinement which showed they were accustomed to good company. A Welsh baronet, Sir John Orde, has paid our Scottish hills the compliment to settle here, and lately reared the house of Kilmurry, a dark-grey edifice of very dismal-looking stone, opposite to which is a gay riante little cottage, belonging to a civil engineer, with every thing in

miniature, forest, park, garden, and offices, all on a Liliputian scale, as if they were the mere model of something hereafter to be realised.

After flitting past the charming place of Oakfield, belonging to a Campbell, *vice* Macneil sold out, we were shown the residences of two Colonel Macneils, not relations, placed on opposite sides of the loch. It might be quite a comedy, at these houses, sometimes, when visitors arrive at the wrong gate! and the proprietors must be constantly opening each other's letters, and paying each other's bills.

Next in the procession of very pretty places, came Ottar and Ballimore, both belonging to the well-lodged clan of Campbell, and then a most enchanting place, Minart, now for sale; and as an auctioneer could scarcely exaggerate its beauty, if any Campbell in the wide world has realized enough by railroad speculations, or in Australia, to purchase it, I think the future Campbell of Minart will be one of the most enviable small proprietors in Argyleshire.

Continental travellers all acknowledge that in Britain only are to be seen those charming country residences, which give us ideas of rural hap-

piness, and fill the mind with thoughts of human life and human enjoyment, thus awakening the keenest interest and sympathy of which our hearts are capable. Even the most captivating scenery is to me almost like a blank sheet of paper, till it be written over with the actions or feelings, the history or poetry of other days, and as the loftiest mountain gains a new interest, if even the most insignificant living animal be seen on the surface, and the wide ocean itself is overlooked, while our most eager gaze rests on a distant vessel buffetting the breeze, so also the permanent abodes of men where families have successively lived and died, and where the joys and sorrows of life have been, or still are felt, afford subjects for reflection and thought not to be exhausted. Neither music, poetry, nor scenery, can awaken permanent interest, without in some degree touching our sympathies. I seldom read books of Eastern travels, because they seem all filled with gold embroidery, dark eyes, fringe and chocolate, and I am wearied of savage countries with tatooing, red feathers, hunting, and idolatry; but, as Madame de Stael says, "the homes of Great Britain are the best homes upon

earth," and there, among hills and glens of surpassing beauty, we may imagine scenes of domestic felicity, such as can only be known in a civilized and in a Christian country, while every mountain and stream speaks of days long passed, and reminds us of the vanished generations, whose history, distinctly recorded in the memory, is so nearly connected with our own.

The most perfect little *multum in parvo* of loveliness that we saw, during this enchanting voyage, was a little bird's-nest of a place, called Penimore, surrounded by grassy hillocks, rich hollows, luxuriant trees, noble mountains, and a wide stretch of ocean, bounded by distant promontories. No one could see that little miniature of beauty, without wishing to land there, and take it for the summer! A beau ideal of perfect happiness arises before the fancy in beholding such a spot of fairy-like beauty, but a fairy's wand would be necessary actually to realize an exemption from those vulgar cares and anxieties of life which intrude themselves every where; besides which, living in those very tiny cottages, the inmates must require singularly good tempers, as it would be impossible there to avoid

any one who chose to have a fit of ill-humour, and to call it a head-ache.

The approach to Inverary is a master-piece of natural beauty, and I could have exclaimed like the Frenchman, "Grand! magnifique! pretty well!" The deep blue waters of Loch Fyne, glittering like a sapphire, and fringed to their very margin with massy trees,—the dark grey Castle embosomed in old ancestral forests, the town situated on a charming beach, the nearer hills clothed to their summits with waving foliage, and the purple outline of many a savage mountain beyond, looking like a rough outer crust to enclose and protect the whole. This varied landscape might almost be said to represent the gradual progress of civilization, from the far-off times of stern uncultivated barbarism, to the softer graces and refinement of modern days, when rough majestic nature is tamed and embellished by the hand of art, losing half its peculiarities of character, but gaining in fertility and beauty.

I wish we could send you a specimen of what nature does for this part of the world, in the shape of mountains and trees! Many of these

shady groves were planted, two centuries ago, by the Marquis of Argyll, who died afterwards a martyr for the Presbyterian Church, and though timber to the value of more than L.100,000 has fallen during the last Duke's reign, who likewise sold L.300,000 of land, yet a drive through the Roebuck Park, Glenshira, Glenaray, and Glen Douglas, will show you, that while the ranks are sadly thinned, some fine old veterans yet survive the havoc, and are now in safe protection, as their lives might be insured to any amount under the present Duke, who is a conservative in woods and forests, as much as in politics. When the late Duke's health was drank at an Inverary public dinner, under the old family designation of "M'Caillain More," he rose amidst enthusiastic plaudits to return thanks, but suddenly struck by the change which his own extravagance had made in the fortunes of his ancient family, he silently sunk back in his chair, and burst into tears.

The most thankless labour on earth is, to attempt describing scenery, therefore I shall not put you out of breath with a scramble to the summit of Duniquaich, 800 feet high, and wooded

to the top with real trees, not mere bushes, where tourists seem to mount for no better purpose than to inscribe their own insignificant names, (of which we cannot but wonder to see any one vain,) on the rocks, and in a little antique tower, where chalk, pencils, and pen-knives have done their utmost to immortalize the industrious writers.

An English grumbler, whom we encountered here, confessed that he actually lost his way in "a forest!" and perpetrated a pun on the occasion, saying, "he was lost in a maze,"—that he had gone up our hills, "merely to run them down again;" adding a gratuitous remark, "that Blenheim was a much larger house than Inverary, and that the Duke of Devonshire had considerably finer trees than any here." We yielded both these points with the most exemplary candour, and he then looked round the shady path, remarking, that it was a relief anywhere to lose sight of the sea, as he was perfectly tired of looking at it! But when asked if this landscape was completely to his mind, he answered with characteristic humour, "The grass is perhaps rather too green!"

I could scarcely have conceived, indeed, that green could exhibit so gaudy a variety of tints as the park and trees did here! The contrasts of colour formed a brilliant mosaic, pale delicate pea-green, and rich brown shades mingling with the nearly black firs, and all showing each other off to the greatest advantage. If you ever plant trees, and have an extravagant spendthrift for your heir, let them all be beeches, not from any compliment to their merit, but because the timber being of little value, their lives are sure to be spared, for among trees, as well as among men, it is generally the best that go first, and the refuse remain behind! How humble and pathetic was the exclamation of a Christian, who had survived all his cotemporaries, "They had wings to soar, and are fled,—I had none, and am left behind." Men, trees, and houses, all have flourished and decayed here in the long lapse of centuries; but one single object has remained unaltered—a grey, hoary Druid's stone raises its aged head in the park, and has maintained that solitary position unhurt amidst the war of elements, and the wreck of matter, being of older descent than even M'Caillain More

himself; but as it is certain death in the Highlands to disturb a Druid's cairn, we kept at a respectful distance. I reverence all those old superstitious observances, and would "nod to every magpie," or pick up every pin, rather than brave the inevitable misfortunes threatened in the Highlands to those who pass either unnoticed.

INVERARY.

INVERARY INN.

Should once the world resolve to abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do
To apply in jest or earnest to!
BUTLER.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Having an invaluable stock of leisure on hand, I now proceed to bestow an hour of it on you, though my opportunities of observation are not, perhaps, much more ample than those of the Irishman, who said he knew all about the French Court, having once seen Louis XIV. riding at Versailles.

The famous Soame Jenyns used to remark, that it cost him exactly L.300 a-year to be cheated good-humouredly, without losing his temper, and

that he thought it well worth the money; but very few travellers go about the world on liberal principles like these, for I believe there is more grumbling than cheating in the Highland inns; and having heard many tourists in a complaining key, I must say, that here we have found London comforts, with certainly nothing like London prices, and the innkeeper has actually a marine villa, about half a mile distant, for his children's sea-bathing quarters, that the house may be kept perfectly neat and quiet!

In our sitting-room here, the ladies of Inverary have placed a large open chest, filled with dolls, bags, drawings, and purses, enough to have furnished a superb stall in any bazaar, with their prices annexed, and a written notice hung up, that these articles are to be sold for charitable purposes, while the landlady is ready to charge any article in the bill that we may happen to fancy. I was informed, when depositing the price of a reticule, that, last summer, this little shop, without a shopkeeper, realized the sum of L.14! This modest appeal to our liberality was quite irresistible, but there is so perpetual a traffic going on in society now

with ladies selling their own manufactures for some undeniably good purpose, that I often feel, like poor aunt Grizzy with the shirt buttons, and would much rather pay five shillings to be off the bargain, than give twenty for some perfectly useless piece of frippery, like the "elegant thread-papers," or paper candlesticks with paper extinguishers, which seem intended to illustrate the opinion of an old lady in respect to presents, that "the more useless they are, the more elegant."

I was amused, when sitting at the inn window, to see the town-crier stroll lazily past, tolling his bell, and calling aloud with the true nasal drone of a Highlander, not very unlike a cracked bagpipe, "There's a silver spoon been found in the street last night! if anybody lost it, he may get it again!" Several persons stopped him, pretending in jest to claim it, and one individual became so very earnest to ascertain whether it was "a big or a little one," that the public functionary replied, "If ye had lost it, ye would have known that," and acknowledged he had not yet been allowed to see the stray article himself, adding, in evident in-

dignation, that the old woman who found this treasure would not trust him with a glimpse of it, but he manfully declared his intention of returning immediately, to decline advertising it any more, unless she showed him the spoon without reserve, adding, in a tone of injured dignity, "she wouldn't even tell me if it was a toddy-ladle, or a tea-spoon!" Diogenes tried all his life in vain to find an honest man, but we flatter ourselves that among womankind there would never have been so lamentable a scarcity, and especially now, when we may point with triumph to Inverary.

The late Duke of Argyll, like the majority of noble Scottish proprietors, was almost entirely an absentee; and, if a muster-roll were called over in Great Britain and Ireland of every landlord's name, how few in their own places could answer, "here!" One gentleman, on the look-out for a country residence, assured us he had inspected about fifty, each so desirable, that he would like to have taken them all, while the owners had vanished to the Continent. There, in a miserable lodging, they will probably waste their existence on amusement

instead of happiness, taking the shadow for the substance,—admiring side-scenes at the theatre, instead of their own magnificent landscapes,—seeing their children growing up around them without heart or principle,—frequenting the opera-house, instead of the church,—going through life without usefulness, and suffering death without consolation. It is a mournful exchange, and even with respect to minor comforts, I never can fancy the advantage of possessing ornamental vases instead of wash-hand basins, gilded ceilings instead of carpets, and marble statues instead of livery servants, "*mais chacun à son goût.*" Those only can estimate pleasures who have tried them, and perhaps when you and I succeed to our great estates, we may learn, like other landed proprietors, to hate the sight of them. As Lord Bacon remarks, "It is a melancholy state, having nothing more to desire, and a thousand things to fear." The most wretched feeling of all is, the want of a want; and I often think that poultry, which are, we know, unable to exist without swallowing a daily portion of stones and gravel, might aptly illustrate our absolute necessity for

hardships, and difficulties. As men are not born to sit down perfectly satisfied anywhere in this world, I suppose the very perfection of all those beautiful castles, villas, and cottages so generally abandoned, leads to satiety and weariness; but I should like to convince myself by experience, that all my theories of "almost perfect happiness" are fallacious. Probably no one would have believed that the beautiful fruit in the garden of Hesperides was unpalatable till he tasted it, and, as far as one can guess externally, the proprietor of a noble estate, residing among an attached and grateful tenantry, might require the admonition of Philip's slave, "Remember you are mortal," in order to moderate his interest in all around him, when gazing on the patrimony bequeathed to him by his ancestors, and about to be inherited by his children. Few have more cause for pleasurable feelings than the present Duke of Argyll, successor to a long line of noble progenitors, and inheriting a place so abounding in natural beauty and in historical interest as Inverary, where the family of Argyll exercised an almost regal influence, which has made

their name conspicuous in every page of our Scottish annals. When surrounded by the scene of their many bold exploits, I scarcely could grudge their memory the triumph of that old song, written in derision of our clan, "The Campbells are coming, the Sinclairs are running."

Inverary Castle is a dark, handsome, square building, with massy round towers at each corner, and was founded in 1745, an odd year to choose for building a residence, when so many in Scotland were at that very time destroyed; but the Duke of Argyll took, as it turned out, the safe side on that occasion, rightly preferring, like so many of his ancestors, his religion even to his loyalty; and as two of his predecessors laid their heads on the block for the Protestant faith, he was equally true to his principles, though fortunately so great a sacrifice did not turn out to be necessary.

If the sunk story of Inverary Castle could but make itself visible, the house would be amazingly improved, as it only wants drawing up to acquire a suitable degree of ducal dignity and magnificence; and it is likewise considerably shortened by a singular looking plantation

of laurel, a solid mass of which entirely surrounds the house, cutting off several feet from the apparent height of the walls. The whole bed of these evergreens is clipped so perfectly flat on the top, that you might almost drive a waggon over the surface, and at stated distances a narrow grass walk intersects them, the whole being surrounded by a strong iron railing. We stood for several minutes conjecturing what could have been the origin of this curious deformity, and guessed every cause except the right one. It could scarcely be a cover for game so near the house; it could never have been intended as an ornament; and at last we endeavoured, but in vain, to fancy that it was planned in the form of the family arms; but after making twenty mistakes, a cicerone came to our relief, a perfect sybil, who solved the enigma. This labyrinth was planted by the late Duchess to keep off beggars! All the poor of Inverary had been so liberally relieved at the Castle formerly, that they became extremely troublesome, besieging all the doors and windows in attitudes of supplication, and remaining so long, that, like the American beggar, their shadows might have

remained on the wall an hour after they departed. This fortification of laurel was a very gentle hint to the assailants, and characteristic of the Argyll family, who are peculiarly considerate to the poor, a pleasing instance of which was pointed out to me here. Between the Duke's park wall and the high-road lies a narrow stripe of waste ground, which the late Duke allowed to be enclosed with neat wooden palings, and divided into little gardens for the poor of Inverary, who pay a nominal rent, to give them the feeling of tenants, and cultivate what fruit or vegetables they please. Romantic little arbours have been raised in each enclosure; the gates are all painted green; the busy hum of bees is heard in every garden; and the Duke's park wall is here covered with apple and pear trees belonging to the poor, among whom a keen spirit of competition prevails; and I saw several men, women, and boys, diligently plying the busy spade, among their own fresh green cabbages and currants, all healthy, cheerful, and contented. Much old-fashioned clanishness of feeling still remains in this neighbourhood, where the people frequently mention their chief with

brightening countenances; and they say that no instance is known on the estate of an old tenant being superseded. The grounds of Inverary are so perfectly open to strangers, that you would be apt to forget they do not belong to yourself; and the public coach here has leave to drive through the park, that travellers may enjoy the view, which really seems rather an uncommon instance of courtesy. We saw the stage-coach in full career among the stately trees, and a most primitive vehicle it was, containing three rows of benches on a platform, arranged exactly like a box at the theatre on wheels, with no canopy, and drawn by three rough, uncouth, awkward-looking horses, yoked unicorn fashion. An English passenger complained to A—— that our climate was quite incomprehensible, as the clouds became sometimes so exceedingly heavy and dark, without producing a drop of rain, that he actually burdened himself often with an umbrella when it turned out quite unnecessary! This was a serious grievance undoubtedly; but those massy clouds which he criticised, when bathed in a stream of sunshine, and lighted with brilliant tints of gold and crimson, produced a

splendour of effect which any clear Italian sky might vainly attempt to equal; and in the far north, when the aurora borealis shoots through the air in long lances of red and blue flame, you might fancy the banners of the Almighty floating across the firmament.

When we applied for admission at Inverary Castle, the chatty old housekeeper seemed really glad of an opportunity to practise her mother-tongue, being situated here somewhat like a post-captain at sea, who meets none but inferiors, with whom it would be a breach of etiquette to associate; and she was so full of family legends, and almost forgotten stories, that if you had pricked her finger, a Highland tradition would have flowed out immediately.

The entrance-hall at Inverary castle, the whole height of the house, is fitted up as an armoury, decorated with a large circle of one hundred and fifty muskets, now on half pay, not having seen any service since they assisted to place the tottering crown on a Protestant head at the battle of Culloden. Underneath them lies a billiard table, the balls on which have been used in many more recent conflicts, and above is a gal-

lery, where a military band used to perform in the evening when the late Duke and Duchess were at home.

I have so often visited these pictures, that they seemed almost to smile upon me as an old friend, and you will seldom behold a circle of more magnificent looking personages, all as noble in appearance as they were in rank. I sometimes wonder what has become of the fine large aquiline noses people used to wear long ago! I never yet saw one upon any face that seemed to me too large; but you might suppose a carpenter's plane had levelled those of the present day, they are so inferior in altitude to some of the ancient Earls here, who look like the lords of a hundred fortresses, frowning upon their vassals with stern authority.

The heads of great families formerly seem all to have been nic-named by some personal peculiarity. In the Sutherland dynasty the colour of the hair decided this point, and they had "The Red Earl, the Grey Earl, and the Black Earl;" but the Argyll family are discriminated according to mental gifts, "The Good Duke, and the Great Duke." Great as the Great Duke was,

however, in his own day, he is indebted for most of his modern celebrity to Jeannie Deans! Fame lent her trumpet, for a time, to Sir Walter Scott, allowing him to revive the nearly forgotten memory of several grandees in Scottish history. Poets and novellists are the real arbiters of notoriety. Burns immortalized a single daisy, and the Great Unknown re-produced the Duke of Argyll, who was fading away to oblivion in a kingdom which seemed once unable to exist without him,—

> Argyll, the nation's whole thunder born to wield,
> And shake alike the senate and the field.

For Scotland he always stood up at court with a boldness that endangered his favour with their Majesties. When Queen Caroline was regent in the absence of George the Second in Hanover, being angry with the Scotch on account of the Porteous mob, she contemptuously asked what sort of people the Highland lairds were, when he replied, "Like German Princes, very poor and very proud;" and when she threatened to turn Scotland into a hunting-field, the Duke significantly replied, "In that case I shall go

and get my hounds ready to meet your Majesty." On one occasion, George the Second becoming irritated at his vehement defence of Scotch prerogatives, snatched off his Grace's wig and threw it into the fire. The Duke instantly retorted, by throwing the King's in also, and some attendants behind the door hearing a scuffle, rushed in to ascertain the cause, when his Majesty, having recovered his presence of mind and good humour, called out, " It was only the Duke, for a frolic, who threw his wig into the fire, and I, to keep him in countenance, threw mine after it." When George the Third was angry, he used to kick his wig all round the room.

The Duchesses of Argyll were invariably handsome, and bequeathed an inheritance of beauty to all their descendants. It is difficult to say whether the ci-devant Miss Bellenden, or Miss Gunning would have shone most resplendently, as Queen of Beauty at a Tournament, and I could not but think how each must successively have embellished and enjoyed those gardens and saloons at Inverary, surrounded by all that renders domestic life attractive; but the family motto, " I can scarcely call these things our own," reminds

us of a solemn truth. The nearer mortals approach to perfect happiness, the more do their spirits become touched by the affecting remembrance that the miracle cannot last, and that the brightness of such a noon is but the harbinger of night. Their beauty and splendour belong now to the history of long-vanished years! When a would-be-wit once saw that lovely picture at Belvoir Castle, representing the most celebrated beauty of George the Third's court, he clandestinely altered the inscription, making it no longer "Isabella," but "Was-a-bella, Duchess of Rutland!" Here Miss Gunning's portrait gives one the idea of perpetual youth and beauty, though her reception of Boswell, when he visited at Inverary, shows she was not always gracious. Having been previously married to the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, Dr. Johnson called her "a Duchess of three tails!" and since then, all her four sons have been Dukes. The lovely Mary Bellenden is smiling most bewitchingly, opposite to her very stern, iron-visaged husband, one of the most grim-looking ancestors that I know by sight, but perhaps he might be annoyed at having the trouble to sit. I like the plan of

your old friend, who made it a rule, for the information of his family, always when he felt out of humour, to put on a white hat, and then there could be no mistake. Some people of our acquaintance would never be seen without one! A poem was published long ago, on the first Earl of Argyll and Lord of Lorn, calling him Earl of Guile and Lord Forlorn.

Here we saw a melancholy melo-dramatic looking portrait representing the Marquis of Argyll, who placed the crown on Charles the Second's head at Scone, and afterwards, having sided with the Presbyterians, suffered death on the same guillotine which also beheaded his son, the Earl, four and twenty years afterwards. It was originally provided from France by the Regent Earl of Morton, who was the first to suffer death by it in 1581. This instrument, commonly called, "The Maiden," is still to be seen at the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh. The Christian calmness of the Marquis in the hour of death was truly exemplary. He remarked, "I had the honour to place the crown upon the King's head, and now he hastens me to a better crown than his own," and his admonition to the

clergy may be useful to those of any generation, "We must either sin, or suffer,—for myself, I prefer temporal to eternal death."

When the brave and gallant Montrose was dragged along the Canongate some years before that time to be ignominiously executed, a balcony is still shown, in what was then the Earl of Moray's house, where the Marchioness of Argyll, who had arrived to celebrate her son's marriage to Lord Moray's daughter, looked out to witness the downfall of her husband's opponent, and actually spit upon him! This gives no very refined idea of what Marchionesses were in those primitive days, especially when they meddled with politics, and I could not but wonder whether any feeling of self-reproach afterwards arose, when she attended her own husband in prison, previous to his sharing the same melancholy fate. Argyll and Montrose had each burned a castle belonging to the other, and for that reason, Argyll generously refused to concur in the sentence against his personal enemy.

We next examined a very pretty pink and white picture of Mrs. Gunning, in a blue dress, seated out of doors, with her powdered head un-

covered, and carrying a large sable muff. Do you think, to judge from the costume, that she sat during winter, or in summer? Nothing rivetted our attention with more admiration of its beauty, than the portrait representing Lady Charlotte Bury as Aurora, her countenance radiant like a beam of light, and she is standing on a cloud, dressed in flowing robes, which resemble the grey mist of morning, while her scarf is as light as woven wind. She is supposed to be stepping forward, and gracefully scattering flowers over the world, but books would now have been more suitable.

The handsome Duke of Hamilton's picture by Battoni, painted in Italy before he was of age, looks as if the Apollo Belvidere had condescended, for one day, to put on a court dress, and to sit for his picture, in silk stockings and buckles. We are generally told, that he was about the handsomest human being who ever appeared on the earth. When abroad, his travelling tutor was the celebrated Dr. Moore, who obtained, with great difficulty, a dispensation for his pupil, before being presented at Rome, not to kiss the Pope's toe, on being informed of which un-

common privilege, his Grace angrily exclaimed, "I would on no account omit the ceremony! That was the only thing I wanted to see the old woman for!" In his last illness, the Duke's favourite amusement was, when two of his servants read aloud to him alternately, both speaking in the strongest provincial accents of their native countries, the one being from Cumberland, and the other from Somersetshire. I should have recommended a third from Aberdeenshire; and the plan might then be a useful hint to invalids, if they were, like the patient mentioned in the Arabian Nights, who could never be cured unless he were made to laugh. Nothing can be more melancholy than the beautiful epitaph on Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, by Mr. Dunlop, which ends with these reproachful lines,

> Oh! gifts neglected, talents misapplied,
> Favours contemned, and fortune unenjoyed;
> Here baffled Nature stands dejected by,
> And hails the shade of Douglas with a sigh.

Inverary Castle excels in tapestry, and the drawing-room is, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "full of goblins," all first-rate, the figures being

grouped in easy, graceful attitudes, though rather discoloured, while the flowers, unlike flowers in general, have never faded. The large architectural-looking gilt chairs are so massy, they could scarcely be called moveables, the covers worked entirely over with garlands of roses; and in the breakfast-room hangs some excellent Flemish tapestry, representing the shooting of wild ducks, in which the sportsman seems evidently missing his aim, and the birds look mightily unconcerned. You may live in this room a year, and not discover a door cut in the tapestry, which leads to an inner room, most romantically secret and unobservable, to commemorate which, Mrs. Radcliffe would have written some mysterious adventure. From the window there is a charming view, which you would not easily tire of gazing at. Among the gay visitors of a former generation in these rooms, an amusement was long carried on of conducting a domestic newspaper, containing all the adventures which daily occurred to the parties themselves. Contributions were deposited every morning anonymously in a box, to which the editor alone had access, and nothing could

be more amusing than the wit displayed in many of the articles. At length, however, they became rather too personal, and were finally discontinued, on a gentleman becoming seriously offended, who, being afflicted with rather too long a nose, found a paragraph, announcing the safe arrival of Mr. R——'s nose, and that the rest of his person might be expected in a few hours.

My letter is growing longer than a double number of the Times, therefore I must now set seriously about stopping. We find so much to see, that I seldom have an hour to sit down, except the few minutes occupied in writing to you, and if the wish to entertain could ensure its own success, you would have no reason to tire; but I shall some day be saying to my correspondents, like a tedious old lady once to her family, who had become exceedingly bad listeners, "I do not ask much of my friends,—only to occupy their sole and undivided attention."

DALMALLY.

—— Exiles from the town, who have been driven
To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,
And rise at nine instead of long eleven.

BYRON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—You may have observed it mentioned in the last Edinburgh Courant, that a sheet of paper has been made at Cowan's manufactory one mile and a half long! It would suit me exactly this morning, when I have so much to say, that your post-bag will need to have a large addition built to it, especially now when we are only to pay a penny for our letters, or rather, I am told, we are to be paid something by the very liberal ministry for taking the trouble to receive letters at all.

Ossian was in this country some time before us, therefore we must not attempt entirely to supersede his writings, as poems are like wine, the older the better, and it might perhaps be difficult to hit off anything better, especially as a eulogium in prose on mountains is not half so bearable as a rhapsody in verse. We always rise with the sun, and travel as long as he does, generally averaging about six in the morning for setting out; but after this tour, I propose to spend some time in the Castle of Indolence, and shall perhaps be tempted to imitate the plan of a half-pay officer, who desired always to be awakened at six for parade, merely that he might have the pleasure of thinking he need not get up.

This morning, by peep of day, we were threading our way through the hills to Dalmally, where mountains and clouds were nearly meeting, though their purple outlines continued distinct, and the whole scene looked dark and gloomy, as if we had spilled a bottle of ink over it. Certainly a little sunshine is cheerful sometimes! Ben Cruachan, the loftiest mountain among the Alps of Argyleshire, looked like a

great black thunderbolt that moment hurled to the earth, and it has a special right to be admired, having been honourably noticed by Burke, in his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. There are not many hills to compare with this, standing three thousand feet above the level of the ocean; and on so gigantic an eminence, a great variety of sea-shells are to be found, which must have been deposited there during the deluge. These cotemporaries of Noah were well worth collecting, to adorn your museum, if we could have spared five minutes to run up for them; but after lying there so long at rest, it would be cruel to disturb their repose, as I have no new geological theory to establish or upset. One of the mountains in this neighbourhood is called Ben Mak'money, but I guess it is not a very lucrative property, as the rent would be, to all appearance, exorbitant at twopence a-year, and the poet wisely remarks,

> "What's the worth of any thing,
> But so much money as 'twill bring."

The Tourist's Guide Book desired us to expect a charming view along this valley, which

had not, as we proceeded, much to boast of; and the same misleading informant asserted, that the road along Loch Awe seemed arranged on purpose to conceal its beauties; whereas it meandered very tastefully over hills and glens in graceful festoons, tucked up in some places, and sweeping down elsewhere, in a manner very becoming to the country, but exceedingly fatiguing to our one horse. We walked up the steep ascents in consideration of Mr. Martin's act, for the sake of our hard-working quadruped, and I would quite as willingly have walked down for our own sakes, as we frequently seemed on the point of finding a short cut to the bottom, sending the gig before the horse. Some parts of the country are very bare, and before the heather is in flower, it looks so dry and scorched, there seems no vitality left; but now that ladies take guns on the moors, as well as gentlemen, I would have seen it to more advantage with a gun in my hand during August. Did you hear of a great sportswoman who lately distinguished herself by shooting a noble red-deer, and when it fell, she fainted! Perhaps if she had fainted first, it might have been more to the purpose!

The old Cistercian monastery of Inishail, alias the Beautiful Isle, stands on the edge of Loch Awe, quite roofless and deserted. "All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath." Now that the Roman Catholics are so rapidly rising into supremacy again, perhaps a colony of monks may once more retire there, to waste their useless existences in a life of selfish indolent seclusion, supplying the want of heart-felt spiritual devotion by the mere pomp and ceremony of external forms. If by shutting out the world, we could close out its sorrows and temptations, this would certainly be the very place for such a hopeless experiment—the monks having been buried alive amidst wood and water; but as old St. Jerome candidly remarked, after living some time in his solitary cave, "Go where I will, still Jerome is with me." A curious instance occurred lately, shewing the impositions unhesitatingly practised by the Popish priests on their congregations. From the pulpit of a crowded chapel, the text given out by a Roman Catholic preacher was taken from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, when he began by gravely remarking, "You see, my friends!

this is all addressed to the *Romans!* it would be long enough before St. Paul would have written such an epistle to the Protestants!"

Kilchurn Castle, on Loch Awe, we saw next, so beautifully situated on a wooded peninsula, that it has become the favourite subject of landscape painters, two of whom, Thomson and Macculloch, the best artists in Scotland, lately exhibited rival views of it at the same exhibition, when parties ran high respecting which had succeeded best. I wish either could lend me his brush at this moment. It was garrisoned by Lord Breadalbane in 1745, but has since been struck by lightning; and now a more picturesque ruin you could not desire to behold in a long day's journey. The fragments remaining are both extensive and irregular; besides which, they belong to a story which might have been worked up into a tolerable novel, or a first-rate ballad, if Sir Walter Scott had found time to enlarge and embellish the incidents with a few of his own peculiar touches; but it would really require a forty-Scott power to illustrate all the romances of real life we have heard in this neighbourhood. The legend of Kilchurn Castle

is an old story, but wears well, being the more interesting as it relates to the Lord of Argyll's second son, who founded the family of Breadalbane. This fine old edifice was begun by the first Lady Campbell of Glenorchy, during her husband's absence, whose affairs having become embarrassed, he had gone abroad to serve as a Knight of Rhodes. In foreign warfare he distinguished himself extremely; but nothing more being heard of him during so long a period in his own country, his lady, who had become very affluent, began to imagine herself an inconsolable widow, and determined not to remain so long. You have heard of Mrs. P——, who played at cards with her lover the year of her husband's death, staked her grief, and lost it! Now the process in Lady Campbell's case seems to have been quite as summary, seeing she recovered her spirits on the shortest possible notice, and entered into a new engagement; but before it could be fulfilled, Sir Colin was in full progress homewards, expecting a rapturous reception on his return. Having one evening joined a jovial party at an inn on the road, he was shocked to hear a gossiping discussion re-

specting his own supposed death, his wife's projected marriage, and the splendid new castle at Kilchurn, all of which seemed to his astonished ears so entirely fabulous, that he must have felt on this occasion nearly as much out of place as the man who attended his own funeral. Nothing is more irritating than to have your news disbelieved; and the stranger who related these interesting and authentic particulars became highly indignant at the apparent incredulity of his companion, who seemed, as the Highlanders say when thoroughly perplexed, "unable to make top, tail, or meal of it;" therefore he turned to Sir Colin, and inquired what he would give to receive certain proof before next day that all he had related was true; and having been promised an adequate donation, he instantly disappeared. Next morning, before Glenorchy was awake, the messenger stood by his bed-side, roused him, and repeated the story as he had told it before; but seeing his auditor still sceptical, the incognito angrily produced Lady Campbell's wedding ring, bearing Sir Colin's name and her own on the circumference, and confessed, that to prove he had really been

within Kilchurn Castle, he had stolen it off her finger while she slept. Our guide, when he related this part of the tale, gave a superstitious shake of the head, and remarked in an under tone, that "certainly this extraordinary stranger was *no' canny.*"

The knight immediately sprung upon his horse, galloped off at full speed, and reached Kilchurn Castle the very day and hour when his successor was to have been declared duly elected. In the disguise of a beggar, he surveyed the castle, and applied so importunately at the gate for leave to see Lady Campbell, that the Highland servants thought it would be "unlucky" to refuse; therefore they prevailed on her to appear for a moment. A well filled cup being brought to him, the beggar was desired to pledge a bumper to the bride-elect, which accordingly he did, and after draining the last drop, he slipped the wedding-ring into the empty goblet, and presented it to Lady Campbell, who instantly observed the token, gave a startled glance at the stranger, and recognised her long lost husband. We may suppose, though tradition does not enter into particulars, that hysterics and all sorts

of fine feelings ensued, and like the conclusion of most fairy tales, they lived happily ever afterwards. During the present day, such a termination would scarcely be tolerated, as husbands make a very poor figure in most novels, which seem generally written to defend the misconduct and inconstancy of ladies. We find the Charlotte and Werter school of morality coming rapidly into fashion of late, in which every wife, with a splendid home and magnificent establishment, is an amiable martyr, who thinks herself so unsuitably matched, that it seems inconceivable how she ever got into the scrape of being married at all, and she finds no harm in confiding her sorrows and persecutions to some sympathizing paragon of a cousin, or discarded lover, for whom she feels nothing except grateful regard, but with whom she of course runs off at last, and the reader is expected to suffer agonies of pity and commiseration, on account of a denouement which the whole course of the heroine's conduct and principles had rendered inevitable from the commencement. It was a good rule promulgated long ago, that every lady should suppose there is but one good husband in the world,

and that she has been fortunate enough to marry him, but modern heroines are all made to think exactly the reverse.

The cottages in this part of Argyleshire are small and dilapidated, like ruinous bee-hives, the straw roofs being held on by ropes, to the ends of which heavy stones are attached, resembling, as Dr. Johnson said, "a row of earl papers." The common people seem generally a very diminutive race, with hair as black as their cattle, but have good features, and their manners are civil and obliging. In respect to dress, shoes, stockings, and bonnets, are not much worn, and the fashions for this month are white muslin caps, dark cotton gowns, made short and scanty in the skirt, and neither leather nor prunella for shoes; but I always maintain, that for hard-working people, the custom is both wholesome and cleanly, of having their bare feet washed daily, or perhaps hourly, in every stream they pass. We were amused to hear that a Mahometan, seeing some women once, who had walked nearly to church, hastily bathing their feet before drawing on their shoes and stockings, gravely remarked how different were the sacred

ceremonies in various countries, for he had always been accustomed to throw off his slippers before entering a sacred edifice, but here, he observed that our religion enjoined people to put them on.

What strange and laughable mistakes may be committed by even the most intelligent travellers, when they make a few superficial inquiries, in passing through a new country! An English clergyman, anxious to make himself acquainted with our customs, and especially with Presbyterian opinions, but not knowing enough of our dialect, to be aware that in many parts of the north, the letter "i" is pronounced like an "o," stopped one day where some women were collected round a pond of muddy water, preparing it, in fact, for steeping lint, and inquired anxiously what they were doing. The reply led him to suppose that some unheard-of penance was inflicted in the Highlands at particular seasons, as the women replied, with one accord, "We are preparing for Lent, Sir!" I was amused to be told that old . Perth, indignant at hearing a Frenchman speak contemptuously of porridge, angrily interrupted him, with

an allusion to her national horror of frogs, saying, "Tastes differ, Sir! some folks like parritch, and others like *paddocks*."

On another occasion, a stranger was amazed to hear a strict divine, when intending to inculcate on his congregation the propriety of receiving a hint properly, deliver his advice in these words, "My friends! be ready at all times to take a hunt;" and I remember seeing an Englishman quite perplexed, when told at a party in Scotland, that all the guests were "kent people," not meaning to imply that they came from the county of Kent, but merely that they were well-known personages. In Scotland a sore is called an "income;" and an English tourist would be rather perplexed if a beggar came up to him, as an old woman did one day to me at Portobello, asking charity, with a most pitiable countenance, "because she had a great *income* on her hand." A legacy to any charitable fund is called a "mortification;" and you might hear a truly benevolent person say, in tones of exultation, that "he is happy to hear the blind have got a great mortification in Mr. Smith's will." If a Scotch person says, "will

you speak a word to me," he means, will you listen; but if he says to a servant, "I am about to give you a good *hearing*," that means a severe scold. The Highland expression for two gentlemen bowing to each other, amused us extremely on a late occasion, when a Scotchman said to his friend, "I saw your brother last week exchange hats with Lord Melbourne in Bond Street!"

We are most industrious travellers, and now hurried through the lands of Glenstrae, originally the property of a Macgregor, till that clan was cruelly proscribed. They were attacked by the Earl of Argyll, and Macgregor bravely defended himself, till, being reduced to the last extremity, he surrendered on the express condition of receiving a safe conduct to England "A Highlandman's promise" was formerly proverbial, being kept to the ear, though not to the letter, of which this unfortunate landed proprietor had painful experience. He was carried quite safely to Berwick, after which, his trusty escort forced him back to Edinburgh, where, for no offence but calling his house his own, he was cruelly executed, while his property, like Nahab's

vineyard, fell to the share of a rapacious foe. None of the Highland songs are more characteristic and spirited, than the melancholy words of that persecuted clan, "The Macgregors' Gathering."

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;
While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!

Loch Awe is supposed to have forced a new vent for itself in the direction we now pursued, skirting along the precipitous banks; and here certainly the waters have squeezed their way through, where very little space could be found, between two ranges of enormous clumsy-looking lumps of hills, which scarcely allow room enough for a narrow track to wind along. Here, as is usually the case in all the most dangerous Highland roads, we had not one inch of parapet! I am become the greatest admirer of a good substantial stone dike! Our driver, as drowsy as the fat boy in the Pickwick papers, fell asleep every instant, on the shortest notice, unless we aroused his attention by asking a question; and

you would have been amused at the ingenuity with which he was cross-examined about the road, as if he had been a witness in a court of justice, merely to disturb his slumbers, for he could have slept, like Don Quixote, mounted on horseback, and leaning on his lance.

The loch gradually narrowed, until it seemed scarcely decided whether to be a lake or a river, but improving in beauty, and at last dashing along in fine style, over large precipitous rocks, while the dark masses of water, rushing tumultuously past, were enlivened by white feathers of foam, which glittered in the sun. Gradually, however, the mist darkened around the towering summits of the Argyleshire hills, till at last those only who can see through a mill-stone, could have discerned their outlines at all.

Fourteen miles from Dalmally, we reached Taynuit, a small remote inn situated in the parish of Muckairn, where our attention was first caught by a tall grey stone, which we supposed to have been coeval with the Druids; but no!—this modern antique turned out to be one of the numerous monuments to Nelson, and was raised by the iron-workers at Bunawe, at their own

86190

sole trouble and care, thus testifying a warmth of enthusiasm quite as honourable to his memory as any more elaborate specimen of architecture.

Here I was surprised to observe an excellent church and manse, in most deplorable disorder, the shutters all closed, the garden a picture of desolation, and every thing apparently testifying that some great calamity had occurred to cause their being thus forsaken, therefore we applied to the innkeeper, and afterwards to the parish schoolmaster, whom we found digging in his own garden, to enlighten us, as to what had caused this melancholy aspect of affairs. It turns out to have been all occasioned by a veto perplexity, which has kept this parish unoccupied during two years. The church of Muckairn is in the gift of Government, and a vacancy having occurred in August 1837, four clergymen named by the State arrived to exhibit their powers in the pulpit, for the purpose of pleasing their auditors, and gaining their election to the vacant charge. Not one of these candidates, however, gave, or could by possibility have given the smallest satisfaction, because the congregation had previously determined to favour a farmer's

son in their own neighbourhood, and thus it has happened, as in old times, when a partial Veto law was once allowed to exist, that parishes remained vacant sometimes for several years. Meantime, one of the four Government nominees at Muckairn has collected, after great canvassing among the numerous persons entitled to vote, eight signatures, which are intended to pass for a "harmonious call," in consequence of which our informants seem to think this active candidate will be precipitated into the pulpit of Muckairn. At present that parish has fallen into a state of temporary heathenism, having only been favoured with miscellaneous preaching one Sunday in three weeks from the Argyleshire Presbytery, so that the poor ignorant Highlanders may be apt to say like the American peasants, "We are not Christians, because we have no opportunity."

As no clergyman's principles and abilities, even in respect to preaching, can be duly weighed at a popular election or rejection, to be decided by a single sermon, private visitation of the sick and dying, which is far more laborious, and equally important, may probably fall into

great disu[illegible] and meantime the poor people of Muckairn are in many instances now sinking into the grave without benefit of clergy. There surely must be something amiss in any law which produces so lamentable a result, and therefore even if it be the law of the land, there seems no advantage in reviving it.

In the supplementary chapel of A—— a case somewhat similar to that of Muckairn lately occurred. Three candidates were named to compete before the people, two of whom gained over large bodies of keen partizans, but the third had only one advocate. An eager contest arose, much angry feeling ensued, each party threatened to become dissenters, and at last the solitary supporter of the unpopular candidate, by hinting to each party how very probably the opposite faction might succeed, induced a majority to adopt the neutral plan, of fixing on the individual who had been at first so unanimously rejected. Thus the single-handed partizan worked on the evil passions of others, to bring in one, who took comfortable possession of the vacant chapel, and has done the parish duties there ever since.

We had already passed a parish which had become vacant during the late Duke of Argyll's life, who received the recommendation of a suitable successor, from a pious and esteemed landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, to whom his Grace returned an answer, that being pledged to support the Veto law, he had determined whichever candidate sent him a requisition, signed by the largest majority of voters, should receive the presentation. One of the clergy went off, on hearing this, to the "shinty" ground, where the parishioners were assembled in great numbers at play, and gave a glass of whisky to each of those who would sign a petition in his own favour, by which means he gained the election. I know of one vote in a vacant parish having been gained over from the opposite side for a pound of tea, and if a hundred votes could be secured at the same price, supposing the tea eight shillings a pound, it would require but little arithmetic to calculate how very cheaply a living in Scotland might soon be purchased by bribery.

When Mr. Gladstone generously offered a church, a school, and an endowment at his own expense to the established church of Scot-

land, a majority of pious and learned clergymen, who had been themselves placed in pulpits by the influence of patrons, thought it better to reject these important gifts, rather than allow the continuance, in one instance, of that power by which they had themselves been chosen; and this principle is about now to be carried out respecting the whole of Scotland, where most of the churches were gratuitously reared by landed proprietors, whose representatives have since been patrons; yet the very existence of our national establishment seems apparently considered of no consequence, if the clergy and patrons alone continue responsible for the choice of ministers, unless the people have power superior to both; and the allegiance of every individual to the sovereignty of Christ, is now tested by his adherence to a law, for which its very supporters seem unable to find any distinct warrant in Holy Scripture. Doctrines and duties are there usually stated with plainness proportioned to their relative importance, and while the most minute directions are given with respect to the divinely appointed Levitical priesthood in the Old Testa-

ment, not one word is said in the New about the election or rejection by universal suffrage, of Christian ministers. It seems not sufficiently considered, that the minority on such an occasion, perhaps one-third of the parish, lose all their privilege, and may be those who are most competent to appreciate the candidate, even on scriptural grounds, and that the aged patriarchs and experienced Christians of the parish may be those who are entirely out-voted by noisy demagogues and political religionists.

A good government is as indispensably bound to support a church, for the purpose of watching over the souls of its subjects, as an army or navy to protect their persons; but if the Colonel of every regiment had to canvass the men for his appointment, or if a Captain in the navy owed his situation to the suffrages of his crew, what discipline could he ever hope afterwards to maintain. We never hear of children appointing their own tutors, students electing the professors at College, or of nations choosing what ambassador shall bring them the terms of peace.

It is acknowledged by the best Christians,

that the preaching of the cross of Christ is an offence to the generality of men, and yet a majority in every parish is expected to be in favour of strict evangelical doctrine; but even if they were so, how very liable is a congregation to become deceived in their estimate of strangers appearing in the pulpit once or twice for a special purpose! It was discovered in London thirty years ago, that, when the Hon. and Rev. Mr. L—— was desirous to leave town, and found it inconvenient therefore to preach, his brother, a Colonel in the Guards, who exactly resembled him, frequently officiated in his pulpit without being detected, and might thus have imposed upon any congregation. A lawyer or doctor could learn by heart one of Mr. Melvil's sermons, as was recently done by a candidate for a parish, so as to please a country congregation, by delivering it "extempore," and thus obtain a universal suffrage. If the people could state an objection to the moral or religious character of any candidate, which appeared sufficiently important, it would then be most desirable that the presbytery should have power to set him aside, and that the patron should

call in another, but it surely seems a degradation from the high and holy independence of a Christian minister, that he should undergo the judgment of a mixed congregation, who have power to reject him without rendering any reason, and that he should have so strong an inducement to seek, by "the enticing words of man's wisdom," a position in the Church, for which he has already obtained the far better qualifications of eight years' diligent prayer, study, and reflection, and to which he is solemnly consecrated by the approbation of learned and devout clergymen. On them the responsibility of admitting only well-qualified teachers is most emphatically laid in that impressive injunction, "Lay hands suddenly on no man," while we see that St. Paul, by his own individual authority, without reference to the people, appointed Timothy and Titus to the churches of Ephesus and Crete.

If "perilous times" should come, when "men "will not endure sound doctrine, but, after their "own lusts, would heap to themselves teachers, "having itching ears," a parish once becoming tinged with any false doctrine, no provision

would now remain for reclaiming it, as every heresy, not obviously enough to attract censure from the General Assembly, would be increased by the choice of candidates,—and whether it be a tendency to Antinomianism or Unitarianism, it will be equally renewed and perpetuated. We know that, in all other cases, the demand causes the supply, but in respect to the preaching of pure and holy doctrine, the clergyman himself has to create the want which he comes to satisfy, so that, where instruction is most needed, it will be least acceptable. The most obsequious, subservient, and manœuvring candidate will now, in all probability, cast a glamour over the poor people's minds; and even in my own limited sphere of observation, I have already known three flagrant instances, where a tutor or a missionary has, at first, almost superseded the parish clergyman in his visitation round the district, but when at last promoted to the vacant pulpit, has become notoriously careless in that important respect, having been, to all appearance, like Sixtus V., who only stooped to look for the keys of St. Peter. A patron has extensive means of information

respecting the character, learning, and piety of those whom he takes the responsibility of appointing; and though there have unhappily been many proprietors criminally reckless of the solemn choice they were called on to make, yet every institution in this world is so defective, that, in all cases, there can only be a choice of evils. Few would entrust the gift of a parish to any one among the peasantry or manufacturers, rather than accept the choice of an educated and responsible patron, still less does it seem desirable that the selection should be committed to the whirlwind of a multitude, whose minds will be swayed, as much as at any other contested election, by stories and slanders against their opponents. I was amused, not long ago, to hear of a hard-working gardener in an obscure Highland village, who was asked, why he voted against one of the candidates for that parish, when he replied, "I never heard of Mr. M—— till he came here, and, of course, if his preaching had been any way remarkable, his name would be better known!" In East Lothian, also, a young man, with the unanimous approbation of the parish, was chosen as-

sistant to an old clergyman, but when the church became vacant, and he was appointed to succeed, he became rejected by a large majority. On the patroness expressing her surprise at this to a farmer, saying, because of his known popularity she had given him the living, he sharply replied, "Yes, Ma'am! but your appointing him was the very reason we wad na' tak' him!"

Perhaps the greatest misfortune of all in this new system may be, that the necessary qualification for voting is, to attend the sacrament during three years previously, which gives a new and unheard-of motive to careless, or even profane men, presumptuously to partake of that holy ordinance. There can be little doubt, that if the privilege to vote for a member of Parliament could be obtained by similar means, the very worst people are those who would feel the least scruple in availing themselves of it politically; and it is too probable, that even the terrors and solemnities of religion may not be sufficient to keep back those who are ambitious of power, in bestowing the charge of a parish; for even in the most Christian congregations, a great

deal of human nature still remains; and if the privilege of popular election to a church be Divinely given, there certainly is no warrant added to exclude any from voting, whether communicants or not.

Our Saviour sometimes found reason to check the keenness of his own apostles, when they zealously contended for what they deemed essential to his glory, but what it was not his purpose to assume; and I cannot but think that now there are men almost equally ardent, and almost equally single-hearted in their devotion to the cause of Christ, but who are equally exceeding their commission. We cannot bear a higher testimony to these venerated and excellent ministers, than to think, that the power which raised them to eminence in the Church must have had the blessing of God upon it; and that no other system will select more spiritually-minded, judicious, or edifying pastors, to guide us unto all truth.

But these are subjects so deeply serious and important, that you and I are not likely to be consulted on them. Let us then hope, that while the utmost wisdom of man is now employ-

ed to rectify that question of Church government which has so greatly agitated the country, every Christian may unite to pray that the great and only Head of our national Church will Himself direct our minds as shall be most for His glory and for the good of all those whose fathers have worshipped during many generations in our national Church, and who would still rather pluck out a right eye from our Establishment, if the veto law can be considered one, than sacrifice the whole body of our venerable and sacred institution for a point of law which no text of Scripture can be found to sanction. The sight of this desolate parish has made me write more on a public question than is perhaps allowable; and you will be stopping me, saying, like Mrs. E——, who heard another lady mention in company the beauty of Bonaparte's hand, "You know I hate politics!" I was amused lately to hear that a gentleman, who voted on what we think the wrong side of this question, applied one day to a lady for the loan of some entertaining book to amuse his leisure during a short residence in the Highlands, so in order to rectify his opinions, she maliciously packed up

that bulky volume which has recently been published on "The Auchterarder Case!" Let us hope, during the next debate at the General Assembly, that we shall see the good it has done him.

Nearly all young persons in the Highlands are now so accomplished as to speak two languages fluently. Those who are born to use the Gaelic tongue only, often start for Glasgow, the instant they have realized the necessary funds, to "get English;" but with some elderly people, it is necessary still to use an interpreter; and I was amused to hear, that when a French abigail arrived lately among some Lowland servants, they brought an old Highland laundry-maid to associate with her, thinking that two persons, each so totally unintelligible, must surely comprehend one another.

When the Highlanders observe any one out of doors in extremely bad weather, they say, "Ye're surely owre het at hame!" and certainly our case to-day looked rather suspicious when we drove along, during some hours, through an almost solid mass of mist and rain, closing the eye of observation, and raising the umbrella of

protection. At last, however, a bit of blue sky, scarcely larger than a turquoise, made itself visible, and gradually the evening cheered up and brightened, till we beheld the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, with the sunbeams flitting over them, as rapidly and brilliantly as in any diorama. This was formerly a royal fortress, under guardianship of the Campbells; but by some contrivance or other, it at last became their property, and now they have an established right of prescription for some centuries at least. It was not by deeds on parchment that possession was obtained, in the days of claymores, bagpipes, and dirks; but "might was right" in those times when a stout old Highland proprietor used to say, he would disdain "to hold his lands in a sheep's skin."

The only access to this fine old castle, situated on a perpendicular rock, nearly surrounded by the sea, is by a narrow outside stair, like a ladder, so that one man could defend the walls; and here tradition mentions that Robert Bruce once held a Parliament, at which all the M.P.'s spoke Gaelic.

We next caught a glimpse of Dunolly Castle,

a finely situated place belonging to the very ancient family of M'Dougall of Lorn. In these antique towers, when guests were numerous and provisions became scarce, the chief of M'Dougall usually hoisted a table-cloth upon the battlements, which fluttered in the breeze, as a signal of distress, when immediately his clansmen flocked round him with offerings of fish and game, a most convenient arrangement for stocking the larder, which that family should never have discontinued.

In front of Dunolly Castle stands an isolated rock, called the Dog's Pillar, which rises abruptly out of the sea, forming a most picturesque natural steeple, the summit of which was formerly crowned by a fine well-grown tree, flourishing there most conspicuously until a fanciful young lady unfortunately dreamed one night that a treasure was buried beneath the root. Without a moment's delay she rose, bribed a gardener to escort her up the steep ascent, and after digging most zealously for some time, they at last succeeded—not in discovering the expected treasure, but—in bringing the old tree about their ears!

Passing onwards, we gave a disapproving look at the island of Kerrera, where we saw nothing to admire, till we remembered, that though not very beautiful, it belongs to history, as Alexander the Second did it the honour to die there, when preparing to lead an expedition against Macdonald, Lord of the Isles. In one respect the king's death was quite a romance in the old school, as, according to tradition, he saw three supernatural apparitions, who warned him against advancing; but he rashly neglected their injunctions.

The concourse of steam-boats at Oban is so great, that it has been called the Charing Cross of the Highlands; but of all the noisy, confused, and mismanaged scenes I ever encountered, none can compare with that of our embarkation to proceed from thence to Fort-William. All the numberless boats that touch at Oban are appointed to meet there at one particular hour, while of course wind and tide never permit one of them to keep time exactly. The assignation takes place like a fashionable dinner party, where the most punctual suffer the whole inconvenience, weariness, and discomfort, while the

latest arrivals are eagerly watched for, as an affair of supreme importance. Our boat was the first to be ready, and we waited five hours, do not ask me whether patiently or impatiently, while all the bright sunshine of a beautiful afternoon faded into darkness. We had hoped to see Linhe Loch under a blazing sun-set; and now every house in Oban looked like a manufactory on fire, the windows all illuminated with the golden beams of departing light, while I watched till my eyes ached for the expected vessels; but after darkness had closed around, and all my hopes were extinguished of seeing Lochnell, Airds, Appin, and the many fine places we were destined to pass by star-light, the last tardy steam-boat arrived in full smoke, bellowing out a sort of apology for detaining us so long; and having received from the Helen Macgregor half her cargo and all her passengers, we set off, to grope our way up the Loch, with a cold wind blowing in gusts down every glen. I wish we knew the agreeable art of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers!

Linhe Loch is so completely land-locked, that even if the wind blow double-reefed topsails else-

where, the sea here could never be lashed into a respectable storm; therefore I was privately much amused at one lady in the cabin, who remarked, with an ominous look, that "this boat had been always very unlucky, and we were now coming to the most dangerous part of the Loch!"

Coran Ferry has some local celebrity for its roughness, an amusing instance of which was mentioned. A poor soldier's wife having embarked for America, exclaimed, with a look of unspeakable thankfulness, after passing it, "Are we safe through Coran Ferry? then the worst is over!"

I am not intending to steep my pages in the bloody old traditions of long vanished years, when the Highland rivers ran red with gore, and the mountains echoed with cries of vengeance and slaughter; for in many cases, the chronicle of a butcher's shambles would be almost as interesting; but here and there you must submit to be told a few long "yarns," when they relate to any very characteristic incidents not generally known.

A few miles beyond Coran Ferry is the site

of an old castle, which once belonged to the M'Masters, a clan very nearly extinguished by their neighbours the Macleans, one of whom, in ages past, obtained possession of those ancient walls in rather a questionable way. He was a bold, daring young soldier, singularly handsome, and on account of the plume he wore in his bonnet, obtained a nickname, which, in our day, would indicate anything but the bravery for which he was distinguished, "Maclean of the white feather!" Having received no adequate reward for great services rendered to Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, he began to ask, like your friend B——, "what is the use of friends who are of no use;" and having remonstrated angrily at being thus constantly overlooked, the "Island King" offered to place a troop of soldiers under his command, that he might help himself to any estate he fancied, but whispered in his ear the very judicious advice, to "loup the lowest dike he could find!" Accordingly, Maclean attacked the feeble M'Masters, whom he conquered and slew, seizing violent possession of all their property; but the eldest son of that unfortunate chief escaped to Coran Ferry,

and loudly shouted for the ferryman to row him across. The treacherous knave refused, and young M'Master, having fled to a recess in the glen, was discovered and massacred on the spot, where now his cairn is still to be seen. Meanwhile the victorious Maclean hurried to Coran Ferry, where the boatman loudly boasted of the cruelty shown to his late master's son, but his auditor indignantly ordered the wretch to be hung upon his oars, saying, "If your old friends were treated so treacherously, how would you treat me, were I in equal extremity to-morrow!" Since then, if any act of bad faith meets with due retribution, it is called, in this neighbourhood, "Ferryman's justice." According to all the rules of romance, Maclean of the white feather should have lived miserably, and died some calamitous death, as the punishment of his crimes, but it often interests and instructs me to observe, in actual life, how almost invariably justice is postponed for another world. In great things, as well as in trifles, there is no justice on earth; and this is a solemn truth to remark. Men's motives and actions are continually misapprehended, the faults

and follies of one person bring disgrace and sorrow on those who have no share in them, every individual is either over or under-estimated by the world, or even by his most intimate friends, and those who originate great discoveries are often deprived of the merit by others who merely adopt them. A man of arbitrary opinions in religion persuades himself and others that he is persecuted by those who merely differ from him; a good tempered man undergoes the blame of beginning a quarrel which he has done all in his power to avoid; and a superficial, ignorant man, often makes a better impression in society than one of the profoundest attainments. In short, it would be endless to multiply proofs, that justice is not for this world, but for another and a better.

During our progress up Loch Linhe, a boat was sent ashore at Appin, and, as usual on such occasions, became so completely overloaded, that I expected every instant to see it sink. You have probably seen children try how many shillings could be slipped into a glass of water after it seemed perfectly full, but the nicety required for that operation is nothing, compared

to the hurrying in of trunks, baskets, boxes, and people, which takes place in any nutshell of a boat boarding a steam-vessel to land passengers. Among the last hurried voyagers who ventured into this medley, was a plainly dressed girl of the lower ranks, but one of the most perfect beauties I ever beheld. If it be interesting to admire a lovely picture, how much more so to see a reality that excels all painting, as we did on this occasion; for, though she appeared, like an apparition, only for an instant, I never shall forget the momentary vision. Her long black ringlets, which seemed to curl naturally, were blown about in rich profusion, her profile was perfectly Grecian, she had eyes such as Cleopatra must have worn, and teeth like the pearls she melted in vinegar. I always suspected till now, when reading Burns' poems, that if we could have beheld the fair subjects of his song, something coarse or vulgar in their appearance would have dissolved the charm; but this young beauty of Appin might realize our most refined expectations respecting "Highland Mary." What a sinking in poetry that was, when Lord

Byron's "Maid of Athens" married a Scotch police officer, and became Mrs. Black!

Appin House is the seat of Mr. Downie, who had once also a seat in Parliament. The late Duke of Argyll used always to introduce that gentleman in society as being proprietor of the most beautiful place in Scotland; and the grounds seem charming, though not shown off to much advantage in the dark, as I merely descried a white house, appearing like a ghost through the mist, and behind a dark mass of what we were credibly informed is fine wood, and beautiful park scenery. No place looks so well from the sea as elsewhere, because the undulating valleys and flat grounds are lost, and nothing is visible from beneath but a compressed view of the more prominent points and elevations.

Long after midnight, we had a most comfortless arrival at Fort-William, where the innkeeper and his aide-de-camps were all unwillingly roused from their sleep to give us admission, and grumblingly opened a door, by which we entered one of the worst inns I ever yet encountered. The windows were with-

out shutters, the beds without curtains, the doors without bolts, the floors without carpets, and the candlesticks without extinguishers, but in the latter case we were expected perhaps to do like visitors in the great inns at Harrogate, who throw their candles out of the window at night, when done with them. King James said he had founded Fort-William "to civilize the Highlands," but I wish he could have civilized the inn likewise, and diminished the parish, which is said to be sixty miles long.

Near this we saw the steep sides of Ben Nevis, the summit of which is covered over with a shining table-cloth of snow, and our host, who seemed to think, like Madam de Maintenon, that a story would compensate for the want of a dinner, related at great length the adventure of the Duchess of Buccleuch and her friends, who lost their way last year, when ascending this hill, the name of which he always pronounced "Ben Knavish." This anecdote is evidently his favourite subject of conversation, and after the tale has been circulated a few years longer, with the addition of as many wings, legs, and arms, as an incident of the

kind usually acquires, it will grow by degrees into a very fine tradition, which might almost do for the stage, including a representation of the farmer who went out to rescue the party, glimmering a lantern, and ringing a dinner-bell, to guide the wanderers into safer quarters. A young lady, whose friends were missing some time ago, under very alarming circumstances, expressed the greatest astonishment at seeing the consternation of those around, observing, as she drew her chair comfortably towards the fire, "At the very worst, you know, their bodies will be brought home!"

After a short but comfortless sojour at Fort-William, we enjoyed the only pleasure that the inn there can afford to travellers, and that is, to get away. We were furnished with a drosky, drawn by the most miserable, perverse-looking donkey of a horse I ever saw in harness. We should have required a red hot poker to set him off, for he seemed as immoveable as the church steeple; but, nevertheless, the hostler stood holding his head, as if he would run away the next moment, and assured me he was "a capital goer." As all the post-horses were al-

ready engaged, we resolved to try any experiment rather than delay our escape from Fort-William, and proceeded forward at a funeral pace, the driver protesting that the animal was only lazy and obstinate. I sat hoping the best for a mile or two, but became at last perfectly fatigued with seeing the postboy's efforts to get on, and alighted to walk the remaining five miles of our journey to Coran Ferry, wishing the driver would place his unhappy steed inside the carriage, and draw it on himself. Now, at last, we had leisure to enjoy the beauties of a most enchanting road, instead of suffering agonies of sympathy for a poor quadruped, probably dead before this time, or the owner ought to be prosecuted under Mr. Martin's act. It is painful to reflect, even for a moment, on all that mankind have to answer for, in the eye of a merciful Providence, for wanton, unprovoked cruelty towards the noble animals given for our use, but which are likewise intended evidently to partake of that felicity bestowed in so large a proportion on every living creature. Before Bunyan, of the Pilgrim's Progress, was converted, he once said, in a moment of desperation, that,

" as hell would be filled with tormentors and tormented, his only remaining hope was, that he might be one of the tormentors;" and there are many now living, who seem fitting themselves for such an office! Our lives here are a rehearsal, previous to our lives in eternity; therefore we are to prepare, and exercise the good or the evil dispositions, which are afterwards to be perfected in heaven or in hell. I sometimes think, how curious it would be, if our happiness in another world were proportioned to the happiness we occasion around us in this. Though a wiser and better dispensation be revealed, yet it would be useful occasionally to think, were such the case, what share of enjoyment we should ourselves be entitled to expect. A lawyer lately, travelling in the mail incog., remonstrated vehemently with the coachman for maltreating one of the leaders, when the driver inadvertently defended himself, saying, " Why, Sir! he deserves it all, for I believe he was an attorney before he was a horse!" One consolation for the introduction of railroads is, that travellers, who are always in the greater hurry the less they have to do, may now rush about in coaches

from place to place, with ceaseless velocity, and no longer incur the self-reproach of seeing what worn-down skeletons of horses await them at every stage, which are lashed into temporary activity for their use, foaming and gasping out their very lives with exhaustion, while death alone can ever bring them rest or ease.

It has always appeared to me, that there are pleasures in the life of a landed proprietor, residing on his own estate, greater than any other station can afford; and if you doubt it, examine the estate of Ardgower, one of the most beautifully situated places in Scotland, embellished with extensive woods, planted by the proprietor himself. There the tenants seem all thriving, the labourers employed, the children educated, and every thing bears obvious testimony to the active personal superintendence of a liberal and judicious landlord. The situation is magnificent at Ardgower, where Colonel Maclean has a circle of lofty mountains for his park wall. Loch Leven acts the part of a fish-pond, and Ben Nevis, crowned with perpetual snow, supplies the place of an ice-house. Here every proprietor might wish to emulate one, who, as far

as it is possible to walk on a long summer's day, sees every acre improved, and every individual benefited by his own unceasing care; while the tenants, instead of being oppressed and neglected, have become attached during long years of personal intercourse and mutual kindness. I could expatiate at great length, on the pleasure of spreading happiness and prosperity around us, on every side, as we see it here; but you know mine is a patent writing-desk, which remains open along the highroad, and shuts with a spring the moment I see any living individual, therefore it is now rapidly closing, and I have only time to bid you adieu, and to assure you, that, in society, we consider every circle, however agreeable, only a semicircle, unless you are of the party.

ARDGOWER.

Land of proud hearts, and mountains grey,
Where Fingal fought, and Ossian sung.

My dear Cousin,—You are probably not too busy with your worsted work and Nicholas Nickleby, to care for the continuation of our life and adventures, during our north-west passage to Skye, which will probably occupy a hundred and one nights at least, though we have hurried so rapidly from post to pillar, in gigs, chaises, and ferry-boats, through a wilderness of mountains, rivers, bays, and straits, that I have scarcely found time to ask myself how I do. We shall soon have occasion to sing, "Lochaber no more!" being about finally to leave this wild,

beautiful, and hospitable neighbourhood, where, having been promised a lease of ground for less than nothing, I am already building no less than thirty imaginary cottages.

We yesterday drove above twenty miles through the estate of Ardgower, along a road like a fine approach, skirting Loch Linhe, adorned by trees, and displaying a distant view of some charming, prosperous-looking farm-houses, near one of which, where a double glen branched off from the shore, we saw the place where the last true Highlander of the old school, Glengarry, was so unfortunately killed some years ago. The steam-boat in which he and his family embarked struck on a rock we passed, so close to the shore, that there scarcely seemed reason to apprehend the slightest danger; but a sudden panic seized the passengers, who all hastened to land. Glengarry, accustomed to exercise the agility of a Celt, leaped out of the boat on a slippery rock, but fell forwards on his head, and fractured his skull, of which in a few hours he died. Glengarry was the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, and supplied him with many traits of Highland cha-

racter, and with innumerable anecdotes of broad-swords and claymores, several of which I have heard him relate with prodigious spirit, when he was dressed in his splendid Highland garb, to a circle of English strangers, who listened with eager interest, though their own countrymen were always sure to make a very indifferent appearance in his Celtic stories. After the last disastrous accident, seeing his family alarmed, Glengarry, who did not, according to the Scotch expression, "take death to himself," calmly remarked, that he had survived many a heavier blow, but soon after fell into convulsions, and expired.

You might live quite luxuriously on the cottage fare of this neighbourhood, and even Dr. Redgauntlet or Sir William Curtis would scarcely have disdained to partake of "that excellent dish, pot-luck." Herrings are caught in shoals by those who take the trouble, but all over Scotland a great indifference unfortunately exists among the common people about eating fish, which might be a source of so much abundance on their tables. Fuel may be had on the moors merely for cutting it, though an old woman remonstrated lately with one of the great landed

proprietors in a tone of grave indignation, saying, "If ye go on improving this way, what are we poor folk to do for peats." I hope they may all become rich enough to buy coals, but it certainly may be a hardship, as the endurance of even hunger itself, bad as that is, may be rendered more tolerable, if the sufferers be only warm.

The poor tenants in this part of Argyleshire, by paying a rent of only L.10 a-year, become entitled to a comfortable cottage, and a little croft in which to grow potatoes, besides being allowed pasture for a cow, or for a couple of sheep. Who could wish for more? None of them are puzzled, however, like the lady who consulted you, whether to keep a cow or a pianoforte. We have encountered neither beggars, pedlars, highwaymen, nor turnpikes, on any of these West Highland roads, therefore travellers might almost leave their purses at home without finding it out. I have only once, during our journey, been asked for charity, by a tidily dressed blind woman, near Fort-William, and those who suffer under such a privation, are legitimate objects to relieve, without any apprehension, as in some cases, that by giving sixpence, you do five

shillings worth of harm. Begging has been introduced at many remote places by travellers thoughtlessly volunteering donations, which have accustomed people to the degradation of accepting alms, whereas the good old Scottish maxim should be maintained to the very last, "a shilling earned is worth two shillings begged." A nobleman in the Highlands, well known for his indiscriminate liberality, was one day remonstrated with by a friend for thus encouraging idleness and profligacy, by giving undeserving applicants more than an industrious man could earn by a hard day's labour, to which he merely replied, "If the poor creatures add vice to poverty, so much the worse for them!" It has been calculated that Oxford Street, well begged, is worth seven shillings a day, and for sweeping some of the crossings in the Strand, a larger income may be obtained, than for officiating in one of the London chapels.

The women here generally spin and weave their own dresses, as well as the checked black and white plaid worn by their husbands, which looks so like a stone at some distance, that it makes the best of all shooting dresses for sports-

men to wear when deer-stalking. Tartan is hardly ever worn here, and when any traveller appears equipped in it, the Highlanders exclaim, "There goes a fool or an Englishman!" I was amused to hear that, last year, when a Bishop appeared in the north, with his apron on, the country people said "What an extravagant man that is, to wear the kilt and the trews both at once!" Tartan is suspected to be by no means an ancient manufacture, and kilts especially are comparatively modern, as neither the one nor the other are represented in any very ancient Scottish portraits, though opinions differ indeed, as to what constitutes antiquity. An old housekeeper was asked, not long ago, if the pictures she showed were very ancient, to which she emphatically replied, "That they are! for to my certain knowledge they have been in the house these thirty years!"

The Highlanders' partiality for their native language still continues prevalent here, and in a church where I saw a crowded congregation for the Gaelic service, the very few who remained to hear it in English, might all have walked out at the door abreast without jostling. A Gaelic

psalm was afterwards sung through the noses of the congregation, like a concert of Jew's harps, which had a strange effect, but every individual unites his voice in the general chorus, which is a great advantage over many assemblies of better taught singers, where it is sometimes much to be regretted, how few venture to throw in their note of praise. Knowing as we do, that the melody of the heart is what alone renders even the finest harmony acceptable, we should, on no account, withhold ourselves from joining in that which is the most important part of public worship. The sermon is intended to teach us those sentiments and principles which tune our hearts to praise, the prayers are to ask for that sanctification of heart which may render our worship acceptable, but the nearest approach a congregation can make on earth, to the feelings of the angels in heaven, is, when they lift up their hearts with their voices in solemn, grateful, thankfulness to the Author of their being. So fully conscious were the old Cameronians of this, that no personal danger could deter them from raising a full chorus in singing their psalms, so that frequently English soldiers were guided

to the dens and caves where those persecuted Christians were concealed, when the still watches of the night were disturbed by a peal of melody, poured from the hearts of those who confidently suffered the whole will of God on earth, gratefully looking for the fulfilment of their highest hopes and wishes in a better world.

To-day we resolved "to progress" through the celebrated Glencoe, and being unable to find a chariot and four at the Ferry of Balachulish, we stepped into an elegant green tax-cart, not furnished with the newest patent axle or springs, but nevertheless very endurable, and committed ourselves to the guidance of an old ambling grey horse, whose paces would have made no great sensation at Tattersals, but perfectly suited our purpose of viewing at leisure the succession of magnificent landscapes claiming our admiration along Loch Leven—not Queen Mary's Loch Leven, but another much more beautiful, an arm of the sea, or rather, a mere finger, as it is so narrow, that those who live on the banks often cross and re-cross it four times in one day to pay visits.

The pass of Glencoe has one great advantage

over its Welsh rival Llanberris, that here a deeply tragical catastrophe actually took place, such as those ferocious mountains appear formed on purpose to witness. You might fancy that a funeral pall had been thrown over their dark and rugged forms ever since the massacre, and that the wind howling over their shattered summits was the cry of the murdered Macdonalds, not yet laid at rest, and calling down vengeance on their treacherous visitors.

When our guide awakened the echoes with a shout, it reminded me how those rocks and glens had once repeated the cries of many vainly asking for mercy, and that the last sigh of the brave Highlanders had been breathed on the spot where we stood. The Campbells should carry their arms reversed whenever they pass through this dark scene of their treachery. It appears that Lord Breadalbane concealed from King William that the Macdonalds had submitted to his government, having found them rather untractable respecting a sum of L.20,000 with which he had himself been entrusted for distribution among the chiefs. When asked, sometime afterwards, to account for this public mo-

ney thus entrusted to him, he merely replied, "The money is spent,—the Highlands are quiet,—and this is the only way of accounting among friends!" Meantime, Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, the leader employed on this occasion, was nearly connected with Macdonald of Glencoe, and arrived at his house on pretext of paying a friendly visit, accompanied by a detachment of his troops, who seem all to have been most hospitably entertained, and to have spent a fortnight very agreeably, in eating, drinking, playing at cards, and associating on friendly terms with their intended victims. Fontenelle says, that "the way to live long in this world is, to have a good stomach and a bad heart," both of which the guests at Glencoe seem to have had in an eminent degree, as they partook of a hearty supper with their hosts before proceeding to business. It is difficult for ordinary minds to imagine how a man would feel, carrying an order in his pocket for the total massacre of a pleasant family circle, with which he had been some time domesticated; but the position is fortunately not a common one. In the silence of midnight, when their unsuspicious host was

asleep, Captain Campbell and his men, fearing the extraordinary bodily strength for which Macdonald was distinguished, stole into his room like cowardly banditti, and poured a simultaneous volley of shot into his breast while he slumbered, thus hurrying him unprepared into the long sleep of death. An indiscriminate slaughter then ensued, of eight and thirty individuals, all unarmed and defenceless, while some of the more active escaped by flight. Many women, who had rushed out on the hills carrying children in their arms, perished that night from extreme cold, and we may adapt the lines of Campbell to this occasion,—

> "The snow became their winding-sheet,
> And many a turf beneath their feet
> Became a soldier's sepulchre."

It is almost a satisfaction to know, that Campbell of Glenlyon afterwards felt agonies of remorse, and retired from the army in deep despondency. Having been appointed to superintend the execution of a soldier, for whom he was desired at the very last moment to produce a reprieve, he drew it from his pocket in so much

haste, that his handkerchief dropped, which was the signal previously appointed for firing, and before he could speak, the unfortunate criminal was no more. In great horror of mind he retired from the army immediately, saying, "The curse of Glencoe is upon me!" Such a sudden and complete consciousness of retribution is indeed awful, and I often think there could scarcely be a greater punishment for wicked men, than being obliged to live their lives over again, not merely with an entire sense of their guilt and folly, forcing them to see at every step, as an angel might do, how fearfully they were mistaking the way to happiness; but also, that they should be thoroughly known to each friend with whom they associated, every motive, intention, wish, and feeling stripped of all disguise, and clearly read, as if they lived in the Palace of Truth. How important a check would be laid on the conduct of men, even in trifles, if they could think of the shame with which it would cover them, could the companion with whom they are associating become suddenly aware that he was an object of ridicule instead of respect; or if the heir, watching with assiduous

attention by the sick-bed of a dying relative, could be seen inwardly calculating the probable amount of his succession; or if, when we are attending reverently in appearance to the service in church, it were to become suddenly known to the preacher and congregation, that our thoughts were really wandering upon the mountains on a thousand vanities! If the festivities of Glencoe were again to be acted over, with a mutual consciousness of secret hatred and approaching treachery, could we imagine any penance more painful to even the hard and cold-hearted Glenlyon! Such a consciousness respecting our own actions, and such a knowledge of secret thoughts in the minds of others, will take place at the day of judgment; and it would be well now if we could frequently pause to examine how our thoughts and actions will then stand the scrutiny of our own awakened consciences, as well as of an assembled world, and a righteous Judge.

Among the savage mountains of Glencoe Ossian was born, if ever he was born at all, which some people doubt. How wearied every mortal is of the argument, whether "Fingal liv'd,

or Ossian sung," but I can only say on this subject, like the prime minister in Tom Thumb, "as near as I can guess I cannot tell!" Even the admirable Crichton, who challenged the whole world to argue with him "upon every subject knowable," would probably have been satisfied to consider this as one of those secrets in the world that we must live and die in ignorance of. Ossian is now, to use his own language, "like a beam that has shone, like a mist that has fled. His voice is heard no more, his days are with the years that are passed, and the halls of his father have forgotten his steps." These poems, whatever be their origin, have many eager admirers, and were the only verses that Bonaparte ever seems to have liked, perhaps approving of the poet's advice, "Be a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people, but like the gale that moves the grass to those who are thy friends."

Ossian's cave, one of the most striking objects in Glencoe, looks like a lion's den, excavated in the centre of a precipice, and is nearly inaccessible to the foot of man. One enterprising shepherd formerly scrambled high enough to reach

his hand in, and pluck a tuft of grass. Tradition says, too, that a man actually did succeed in getting in, but has never since been heard of; therefore some people say he is dead, others that he is alive, but, for my part, like the Irishman, I believe he is neither the one nor the other.

There was an old woman that liv'd on a hill,
And if she be gone, she is living there still.

I had been advised to go all the way up Glencoe with my eyes shut, because the effect is more impressive in coming down; but curiosity prevailed, and after examining each way with equal delight, I could have exclaimed, like King James when listening to an argument, "They are both right!" No one can go wrong in Glencoe, unless by losing his way, which a poor shepherd did lately, and perished among the precipices.

Two very remarkable hills, whirling high into the clouds like tall spires, or cupolas, are called the old man and the old woman, being not unlike gigantic ghosts clothed in dark floating draperies, with white streamers of snow. As

we advanced among new pyramids of hills, not a blade of grass enlivened their towering summits, which were as bare and black as vitrified forts. The entrance to this "vale of shadows" is guarded by a lion-shaped mountain, which seemed growing into life as we advanced. Its sides were seamed and furrowed by torrents, while the next mountain, by way of contrast, was round and shapeless as a haggis, but all appeared so steep, bare, black, and inaccessible, that, when asked if there were any earthly object for which I would undertake to surmount them, the very idea of attempting it made me giddy.

We met, near the house of Glencoe, a very intelligent fine looking Highlander, named Alan Macdonald, whose ancestor escaped from the scene of carnage. He pointed out a steep hill, where one of the few Macdonalds who survived the massacre, after being pursued by a soldier, reached a place of safety; and it was amusing to observe the look of glee with which our friend finished the story of his clansman's flight by saying, "He carried a gun below his *arter*, so he just wheeled round and shot the sodger."

Alan Macdonald, who was a common wood-

cutter, pointed out several of the localities, and told so many interesting circumstances, that A——, before taking leave, presented him with a suitable donation, but in a truly Highland spirit of independence, he drew back, saying, "I want no money, Sir!—but I would just like to know who the gentleman is I am speaking to?"

Near this glen we met the farmer named Macdonald, who lately became bankrupt for £40,000, involving all the poor people around, who had entrusted him with their money, in one common ruin. It seemed almost a pity his ancestor escaped the massacre! He strode with a very consequential step, and inhabits a good house, surrounded by a capital garden, while the unhappy creditors exist as they best can. The sum was a prodigious one for any person in his line of life to hazard; and we thought of the Cardinal de Rohan, in former times, announcing, that one of his own relations had failed for a million of money, when he added, in a tone of exultation, "That was a bankruptcy worthy of a Rohan!" It appears as if there must be some great defect in our laws

and customs with respect, to a failure, as any debtor, who chooses to throw aside principle and morality, may gain a complete triumph over his creditors. He lodges his money in some assumed name, pleads an insolvency, gets himself, in technical phrase, "white-washed," and comes forth, as welcome in society as ever, and possessing some unacknowledged means of supporting extravagance, which is considered perfectly respectable, and made the subject of many amusing jests among his friends. One instance of this occurred some time since, when a poor creditor succeeded, with great difficulty, in forcing his way to the presence of a gentleman, who had long owed him a small bill, which he pleaded hard to have paid immediately, adding, that he had struggled through difficulties as long as possible, but feared now, if the whole amount were not discharged, he must inevitably break!

"Break!" said his auditor. "The very best thing you can do! Everybody breaks! I broke myself! Go home and break as fast as you can!"

When leaving Glencoe, our minds filled with

recollections of murder, massacre, and banditti, we turned a sharp corner of the road, and I was startled to perceive a party of men advancing, armed with pistols. They came straight towards us in a body, and I had only time to calculate how many notes were in my purse, when the whole troop touched their hats and passed on. This turned out to be a party of excisemen going to seize contraband whisky, a service of no small difficulty and danger. Nothing can be more ingenious than the contrivances by which Highlanders manage to conceal small stills for manufacturing their favourite "*vin du pays*," though sometimes the secret is betrayed, when cattle are attracted to the spot by a smell of grain. The most popular whisky is made clandestinely, without a government license, and goes by the name of "moonlight," while that which pays duty is called "daylight," and is considered so contemptibly inferior, that even His Majesty George IV., during his residence in Edinburgh, drank the "mountain dew," in preference to the "Parliament whisky." One very small "still" was discovered in the Highlands last year, with the boiler buried beneath

a stone-gate post, which had been hollowed out for the chimney; and another was detected within the precincts of a Roman Catholic chapel, where the priest connived at the trick, and sold whisky to a gentleman, who mentioned the circumstance, under the name of "holy water."

Near Glencoe there used formerly to be a Roman Catholic Bishop of Lismore, who presided over a numerous flock; but that sect is almost extinct now in this neighbourhood, though we passed one small Popish chapel, no larger than a barn, surmounted by two black wooden crosses. It is to be regretted that our Protestant churches relinquish the cross to be exclusively the badge of a Roman Catholic edifice, seeing that it would be an equally appropriate symbol on our own sacred buildings; but the concession seems injudicious, as well as the custom of calling Papists by the name of "Catholics," as I have known several young persons, who thought, from its not having been properly explained, that any Protestant made a profession of apostacy who repeated that clause in the Creed, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." One great safeguard of Scotland

against the Popish faith is, that this country is too poor for again setting up so expensive a religion.

You would have been pleased to observe, that the horse we employed here, as well as in some other Highland places, always endeavoured to stop when we approached the Church, being evidently accustomed to carry their employers regularly there; and on one occasion we were nearly upset before the worthy quadruped could be prevailed on to proceed. In many more remote places the high road terminates at the church door.

Benavie Inn, at the head of the Caledonian Canal, was our next point, where we landed in a boat, and hastened to visit Inverlochy Castle, a roofless ruin, age unknown, recently purchased by the Marquis of Huntly, and said to have been the original model from which Inverary Castle was copied. There may be some slight family likeness between them, as the same massy round towers are built at the four corners of each, but, in the more ancient edifice, the windows are so shapeless and irregular, that you might fancy the walls had been originally a

solid mass, nine feet thick, and that cannon balls had been fired through them by the inhabitants, where an orifice was required at which they might see and breathe. This fortress has once been surrounded by a moat, and it sported a drawbridge formerly; but while nature smiled around this venerable castle in perpetual youth, all that was the work of man has mouldered in decay, and is hastening into oblivion. Great pains have been recently taken to preserve this interesting specimen of antiquity, and I wish all castles fell into the hands of those who venerate their declining years as much. A wall has now been raised all round for protection, guarded by an iron gate, the key of which is in custody of a warden, who apparently retires to rest, like the chickens, at sunset, as we were told about six in the evening, that he must not be disturbed to give us admission. A boy, seeing our disappointment, advised us, as a matter of course, to "loup the dike," apparently considering that mode of entrance as the easiest and most usual. The walls not being totally impregnable, but rather in the style of those built by Romulus, A—— made his way good, and found within

the enclosure a thriving young plantation of trees, which may hereafter become very ornamental. We were told, that money had been borrowed at four per cent. to purchase this very ancient place, which yields only two,—which will remind you of the learned lawyer, who said, "land is principal without interest,—money in the funds is interest without principal,—but heritable bonds are both the one and the other!"

Recollections of ancient and modern heroes are crowded round this interesting spot. Here Alan Earl of Caithness, who must have wandered a long way for the occasion, was killed in battle by Lord Mar in 1427. Here the Marquis of Argyll, upon his own territory, was defeated by "the chivalrous Montrose," who took his enemy by surprise, killing 1500 Campbells, while he lost only three men himself,—and in the neighbourhood also we observed a handsome monument visible many miles around, built by Sir Duncan Cameron to the memory of his brave and gallant son, killed at Waterloo, and who is commemorated by Sir Walter Scott in these lines,—

"And Cameron with his heart of steel,
Died like the offspring of Locheil."

On a wide moor when we crossed in returning to Benavie, the poor people had been cutting their staple commodity, peats, leaving the whole field excavated into oblong squares, as if they had been ready made graves. The faint glimmer of twilight made the evening sky look like a rose leaf, the world was rapidly losing itself in darkness, and as we hurried on, I could not but think how easily we might have been murdered and buried there without the possibility of ever being discovered. Whether this melancholy catastrophe occurred or not, I must leave you to guess, for here ends my tale.

(To be continued in our next.)

LOCHEIL.

Long have I pin'd for thee,
Land of my infancy!
Now will I kneel on thee,
Hill of Locheil.
Hill of the sturdy steer,
Hill of the roe and deer,
Hill of the streamlet clear,
I love thee well.'

My dear Cousin,—What could Madame de Stael mean by giving her verdict that a journey is "*un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie!*" On the contrary, nothing appears to me so enlivening, the very discomforts being so transient, they seem only worth laughing at, while they give a greater zest to the enjoyment that follows, for what the poet says of life, is much more applicable to travelling,—

"The pleasures stay not till they pall,
And all the pains are quickly past."

We are now in Locheil's country, where any one who wishes for a good travelling name should adopt that of Cameron, as every alternate man he meets will bear the same designation. Scotland was divided into compartments like the Zoological Gardens formerly, where the clans remained as completely separated, as if they had been of a different genus or caste, and even to this hour, when A—— meets with any one of the lower orders not in his proper district, a Fraser settled out of Inverness-shire, a Gordon absent from Aberdeenshire, or a Ross or Monro wandered from Ross-shire, he generally asks how his family happened to go astray, and receives some long apologetic history about their proprietors having been beguiled away, from their "local habitation and their name," to new scenes and connections. The Island of Skye is so exclusively inhabited by Macdonalds, Mackinnons, and Macleods, that it might be appropriately named All-Macks, for if a stranger were in want of assistance, near any house or village, he need only call out "Mac!" and a head would instantly appear at every window.

After breakfasting at Bonavie, we set off in a

gig, having the advantage of a blazing sunshine lighting us on our way, to take a glimpse of Auchnacarry, belonging to the chief of all the Camerons. Our drive began through a dreary country, commencing along the banks of the Caledonian Canal. Here steam-boats and small frigates advance tediously through twenty-eight locks, commonly called "Neptune's staircase," as they are used in raising vessels going to Inverness to the level of Loch Lochy, the one being about ninety feet higher than the other. This process is exceedingly tedious, occupying about eight hours to a mile, which is, in these railway days, a perfect lifetime, but afterwards the remaining sixty miles of this canal, almost reaching the gates of our Highland capital, may be performed at a good steam-boat pace, leading through some of the most splendid scenery in Scotland.

The Highlanders, accustomed only to warfare, scarcely knew what industry meant, until the Caledonian Canal was begun, and though it cost a million of money, that price has been more than repaid by the spirit of exertion and activity which it introduced among the natives. They

used at first to look on with indolent contempt, while Irish labourers dug and excavated the ground, but gradually one or two at a time volunteered to wield the spade, and were delighted to receive the two and sixpence allowed for their day's work. After a short interval employed in spending it, they generally returned, bringing a troop of friends willing to try the same experiment, and at last the whole population rose simultaneously, shouldered their spades, and enlisted in the service. Since then, instead of the desponding inertness caused by hopeless poverty, the Highlanders have become so active and enterprising, that no less than 5000 from this immediate neighbourhood are working on different railways, who might all be thus comfortably maintained, were it not for their extreme partiality to the herring fishery, which causes them annually to relinquish the most advantageous situations, in order to try their fortune at sea. It must be an animating sight, when the little squadron of fishing boats is sprinkled over the frith, surrounded by an army of sea-gulls, while a whole nation of fish arrives sometimes at once, covering several hundred acres of the ocean, and

in such a solid depth that a shoal has been sometimes called "a herring mountain."

Not far from the canal, we passed the spot where, fifty years since, a fatal duel was fought, quite in the Chalk-farm style, between two of the clan Cameron, one of whom was killed, and the other fled the country. The fugitive afterwards became a general in the army, and was well known in London as Sir Alan Cameron, whose shake of the hand was so unbearably energetic, that his friends never left him without tears in their eyes; and on one occasion, a gentleman who had frequently suffered under his grasp, jocularly held out his foot, when Sir Alan seized hold of it, and made him hop all the way down Bond Street.

Pursuing our course, we observed, on the edge of Loch Lochy, or, I should rather perhaps say, in the Lake, all that remains of an old castle once inhabited by the chieftain of Mackintosh, a gentleman who seems to have entertained rather peculiar notions of hospitality, the entrance to his state chamber being across a concealed trap door, which he occasionally left unfastened when an unwelcome visitor approached. Thus, instead

of merely saying "not at home" as we do, he dropped his acquaintances into a deep abyss of the lake, where they were never heard of more! At length he once invited his rival chief and neighbour, Locheil, to take pot luck with him, and at the appointed hour, that brave and gallant officer, unsuspicious of treachery, was seen approaching the castle, accompanied only by a favourite dog. Fortunately the animal rushed on in advance of his master, the trap-door dropped, and Locheil seeing the yawning chasm at his feet, instantly guessed the whole plot. Filled with indignation, he leaped across the gulf, and with a single stroke of the broad-sword, laid his enemy dead at his feet.

Some people say, and any body may believe it who can, that this old remnant of a castle on Loch Lochy was formerly the residence of Banquo, whose ghost may still be seen frequenting a trap-door at Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

The Camerons of Locheil were a noble race, full of true Highland spirit, the last chiefs who capitulated to Cromwell, and the first to rise again for Charles Edward. I gazed with deep

interest on that one shattered wall yet remaining of the old castle. It ought to be carefully preserved, as a relic of almost fabulous times, when successive generations of brave and loyal chieftains reigned with despotic rule over a devoted clan. There Prince Charles rehearsed the plan of his campaign in 1745, while Locheil, the most accomplished and talented of all his Highland adherents, knowing how desperate were the fortunes of his hereditary sovereign, still yielded his own better judgment, consenting to risk all, and, as he foresaw, to lose all, at the command of one to whom he thought his allegiance justly due, especially when Charles Edward, as a last expedient for overcoming his reluctance, taunted him in these memorable words, "Locheil, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince."

The disastrous result of that brave chief's adherence to the Stuarts is finely described by Campbell, in language which that poet ascribes to the bold Locheil himself, whom he terms the "Proud bird of the mountain." He is suppos-

ed to make this characteristic and spirited manifesto:

" Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

Reason and religion teach us to rejoice that the Stuarts eventually lost their cause, and make us feel grateful to Providence for establishing a race of sovereigns, who, being chosen for their adherence to the Protestant cause, are thus pledged by a sacred tie to preserve it pure and undefiled, and to defend us from that Popish supremacy, the mere apprehension of which caused the more ancient dynasty to be set aside. Yet while duty and principle are enlisted in the more orthodox cause, poetry and romance range themselves powerfully, beside the music of all our most spirited Scottish airs, on the side of "Bonnie Prince Charlie!" While advancing, as we now did, through those glens

and mountains, where, friendless and alone, the young adventurer was received with the same chivalrous enthusiasm as if he had come with the retinue and splendour of a hundred sovereigns, I did feel that a tribute of admiration and of sympathy might be given to the memory of those brave men, who so generously placed their lives, fortunes, and property, at the hazard of so desperate an enterprise. If Charles Edward had been killed at Culloden, and Bonaparte at Waterloo, they might both have ranked with any heroes in antiquity; but the appearance of each among his adherents was equally successful at first, equally calamitous to all who welcomed his return, and likewise followed by a similar loss of dignity and reputation in subsequent banishment.

At Auchnacarry, an obliging English gamekeeper recently imported, as he told me, from "*Coomberland*," shewed us Prince Charles's gun, a remarkably long, overgrown-looking implement, for which he evidently entertained considerable contempt; and perhaps Manton might have suggested some improvement. It is double-barrelled, with one lock, and bears a Latin in-

scription, recommending us not to sink under our misfortunes, but to struggle against them.

Every tree in the avenue to this old castle was separately set on fire by the English army in forty-five, and the trunks continue still to look scorched and blackened, though the leaves flourish green above, so that a careless observer might not detect the cruel havoc within, as the wounds are healing rapidly, and the hollow hearts of many are almost concealed, while others are as empty as telescopes. Here we observed a large collection of trees, chiefly horn-beams, ranged in two almost solid rows, as closely huddled as sheep during a thunderstorm; and our cicerone mentioned that when Prince Charles landed, Locheil had been preparing to make some extensive plantations, but hearing of so sudden a call from civil to military employment, he thrust this young forest hastily into the earth, hoping to take an early opportunity of dispersing them more advantageously afterwards, but he was himself dispersed with his clansmen, and the trees have ever since remained, thus arm-in-arm, clinging to each other in a most distressing

manner, and getting only a stray sun-beam occasionally to divide amongst them.

"Oh! crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
Heav'n's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn,
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood."

One of the drives at Auchnacarry is picturesquely called "The dark mile," a narrow pass, once overshadowed like a bower, by well-grown trees, and beset by ranges of gloomy frowning hills, two rocky eminences in which are haunted by fairies. Our Highland guide informed me, with a superstitious shake of the head, that nobody could venture to pass that way after dusk, because "whisperings might be heard all through the forest!" Probably a whispering breeze; but we looked as credulous as we conscientiously could, which encouraged him to relate "a perfectly true story," as follows:—Not many years since, a countryman was returning home, late one evening from the market, with a burden on his back, and reluctantly ventured into "the dark mile," though aware of his danger. After pro-

ceeding some distance he was startled to behold a gigantic apparition standing on the pinnacle of a rock, and imperatively desiring him to drop what he carried. Scarcely had the terrified mortal time to consider the eligibility of obeying this mandate, before another spirit appeared on the opposite hill, desiring him "to keep his own and pass on." Instantly a fierce conflict ensued between the rival goblins, during which, without waiting to ascertain how his protector fared, the traveller ran off, which seems rather an ungrateful step, but he was not ashamed to relate the adventure, and it has one excellent effect, that being now quite current among the peasantry, they all remain at home in the evenings, when otherwise there might be abundant inducement to poaching, since this neighbourhood abounds in red deer, black game, and wild fowl.

In days of yore, when the chief of Locheil had to be as ready for defensive as for offensive warfare, the family residence was where the family burying-ground is now, on a small wooded tuft of an island in Loch Arcaig. An ancient chieftain of the family, when embarking

once from this green isle to present himself at Court, accidentally dropped one of the splendid golden shoes in which he had intended to be equipped for the occasion, and it has never yet been found. He was carrying them in his hand, a truly Caledonian mode of wearing shoes, not yet entirely disused.

Loch Arcaig is a narrow, serpentine lake, eighteen miles in length, and bounded by a waving outline of hills, which are chequered with native birch and fir-trees. Beautiful as you may suppose this to be, the most enchanting feature in the whole scenery is derived from the glittering transparent brightness of the waters in Loch Arcaig.

> Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
> When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun.

I scarcely believed the beauty of this fairy-like scene could have been excelled, till we reached the river Arcaig, which nearly surrounds the new house, but there I could have gazed unceasingly into the clear depths of liquid crystal, through which we traced a gay medley of brilliant stones, looking like the fruit in Aladdin's garden, blue, yellow, and white, while we ad-

mired especially a profusion of red pebbles, which gave an appearance to the channel as if it were strewed with rubies. Its sparkling torrent, fresh from the mountain, reflects every sunbeam in its shining course, like a flickering net-work of gold, so brilliant, that our eyes were almost put out by the glare. As a burned child dreads the fire, the Camerons of Locheil, long after the conflagration of 1746, brought their modern mansion so near the stream, that the foundation is almost washed by its waters. The house is a mere matter-of-fact building, without architectural ornaments or vagaries of any kind, but spacious and comfortable, being the third generation of castles that has arisen under the Locheil dynasty. The walls were finished by the late proprietor, but when the windows and doors were about to be inserted, he suddenly went abroad, leaving the house, during thirty-five years, an untimely ruin. The present chief has at length trimmed the edifice with sashes, shutters, and doors, so that the house now looks habitable, though not yet inhabited, and the rooms are adorned with elegant modern furniture. Such sofas and ottomans would have

electrified the ancient Locheil, of whom a story is related, that, when his son was about to bivouac in a field during the winter, and rolled up a pillow of snow to recline upon, the aged chief kicked it from under his head, angrily exclaiming, "You grow effeminate, Sir!"

The day was delightful for enjoying this lovely place,—not a cloud in the azure sky larger than a powder puff, except one little wreath that rested on Ben Nevis, looking as if a *feu de joie* of cannon had been fired from the mountain to celebrate our arrival. Its towering summit, rendered pie-bald with snow, contrasted beautifully with the bright summer foliage, the lively "trotting brook," and the deep shadows around. If I were mean enough to envy anybody, it would certainly be the owner of a place, so full of natural beauty, of historical recollections, and of romantic traditions; but you will think I am puffing off this place like an auctioneer, though I hope it will never again be in any sense knocked down.

CLANS.

The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute,
The Roman kilt degraded to a toy,
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy,
The target mouldering like ungathered fruit,
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,
As eagerly pursued, the umbrella spread
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head,
All speak of manners withering to the root.

WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—All my theories of perfect happiness are put to flight the moment I come in contact with those who could, if they chose, realize the airy visions which have appeared to me most delightful. You and I might fancy that scarcely a wish could remain ungratified in the mind of any Highland proprietor reigning over a wider domain than a German sovereign, and loved with an enthusiasm which fic-

tion itself cannot exaggerate; yet, go where you will in the North, our noble castles and romantic dwellings are used as mere shooting-boxes, remaining silent, solitary, and deserted during the greater part of every successive year, while the few who remain stationary at home may still drink the Highland toast of old times, "Our native country, and may those who do not like it leave it."

In days of yore, no Highland proprietor ventured long to remain an absentee, as his house was liable to be seized, and his whole domains were ravaged by the surrounding neighbourhood; but one disadvantage of more settled times is, that the chiefs are now abdicated sovereigns, who prefer living in distant countries, unknown and uncared for, with scarcely a thought of the hundreds among whom their presence would spread joy and prosperity, or one sentiment of lingering interest in the clansmen and tenantry, who scarcely know them by sight, and yet cherish a hereditary attachment to the family, which their fathers would have lived and died to serve. A young Highland chieftain is generally educated now at Eton or

Westminster, finished at Oxford, hurried round the tour of Europe, and then precipitated into an expensive regiment, or into a seat in Parliament, with no opportunity to reflect on his own peculiar station, responsibilities, and duties, except, perhaps, in respect to the preservation of grouse, and the encouragement of red deer. Great fashionable notoriety is attached in London life at present to the external paraphernalia of a Highland chief! The kilt, the tartan, and the bagpipe, have a sort of mountebank eclat in modern times, along with the peculiar names, now more nicknames, which once distinguished the brave, hardy, and beloved proprietors of a Highland territory. The shadow of their former greatness remains, but the reality has departed: for we all know what clansmen and chieftains once were, and will never be again, since the time when fortunes, that should have been the source of splendour and usefulness at home, are squandered in an unsuccessful struggle for pre-eminence in London, while those who fancy they have gained it, are not much nearer the truth than Don Quixote, when he sat with bandaged eyes on a wooden

horse, and imagined himself soaring through the air.

The Highland peasantry, like those of Ireland, are suffering beneath the iron rule of absentees, who employ what the Scotch so appropriately call "grieves," Anglice bailiffs, to be the resident managers, and who look upon an estate as a mere machine for making money, while thousands of our countrymen are hurrying to Australia or Canada, unwillingly obliged to say, like the emigrant's melancholy song, "We return, we return, we return no more." It must be deep and hopeless misery, indeed, that can make a Highlander willing to leave his little croft and cottage, even to reach a country where he is told that the pigs are fed upon peaches. He is still apt to think "the smoke of his own chimney brighter than the fire of a stranger's;" and never shall I forget the visit we once had of an aged man from Sutherland, who walked five hundred miles on his toilsome way to London, where he meant to beg for permission to die on his native heath. The roof had been torn from the house where he dwelt, his garden had been laid waste, and

his neighbours dispersed, but he asked only the boon of lingering out his remaining years at home. An old woman was heard lately in consultation with her son, who was about to embark for Australia, and who loudly grumbled at the dire necessity of going to a country where he heard there was nothing to trade with but Kangaroos. "Well," replied his mother, in a consolatory tone, "is not a Kangaroo's money as good as any body else's!" In former times, the Highland clansmen have been known to maintain their chief at their own expense, and to raise a regiment among themselves, that he might obtain military rank; but should times of danger and rebellion ever again arise, the descendants of those powerful proprietors who, in former times, led thousands of followers to the field, may now plant their banner on the Highland hills, and find only battalions of sheep, where troops of men would formerly have gathered round their standard. One old boatman, residing on a great estate recently sold to pay for the frippery of a London career, spoke to me of his absent chief with a touching mixture of grief and indignation, saying, "He

has not left himself the value of my oar!—not so much land as will be a grave to him!"

One of the finest traits I know of Highland attachment was shown to the Seaforth family, after the rebellion, when their property in the south of Ross-shire became forfeited. The tenantry could not be induced, either by fear or persuasion, to pay their rent to government, but regularly collected the whole amount, and forwarded every fraction of it to their absent chief, then resident at Paris. I was anxious to ascertain, when Lord Seaforth's successor returned in more prosperous circumstances, how he testified a due sense of this devoted allegiance on the part of his clansmen, and was informed, that he sold the estate immediately, in order to purchase property in the West Indies! Could any number of rum-puncheons and sugar-hogsheads compensate for losing a tenantry so deeply attached? You told me once of a lecturer, who professed "to teach sensibility on mathematical principles," and he is the only person likely, I think, to define such feelings.

Highland lairds allege, that the estates of southern proprietors are so limited, they can

"whistle to all their tenantry from the chimney top." It is alleged that when Martin of Galway wishes to let any land, he takes his future tenant to the summit of a high hill, and asks, "What will you give for all you see?" How few, indeed, have reason to exclaim in a tone of lamentation, as Lord Leicester is said to have done lately, "I am Giant of Giant Castle, and have eaten up all my neighbours." Though many Scottish territories have recently been broken to shivers, and sold among men of yesterday, some yet remain unmutilated, the enormous bulk of which, compared to more southern properties, is like that of a whale among minnows. The Duke of Sutherland has 1780 square miles of land, nearly a whole county as large as Devonshire; Lord Breadalbane's estate stretches seventy miles west from his own door; the high road in Skye passes through eighty miles of Lord Macdonald's property; the late Duke of Atholl raised a regiment of 3000 men among his tenantry; and on Lord Seafield's land there are 60,000 inhabitants, chiefly Grants. We may all remember the day, about twelve years ago, when the clan Grant, hearing that

the poll was going against their chief in a contested election, assembled in thousands, and with their pipes playing, marched down to Inverness; on which occasion, Lord Seafield's sister, Lady Anne, one of the most popular personages in the north, had to assure the Highlanders she was satisfied with the treatment her family were receiving, or they would instantly have proceeded to hostile measures.

After leaving Benavie, in a gig drawn by the same horse forty miles that day, we proceeded through splendid scenery to Arisaig, admiring every variety of form that mountain or glen can exhibit. Hills of unspeakable height, trees in boundless profusion, rivers, lakes, rocks, precipices, everything, for miles and miles, that could be admired or enjoyed, except human habitations, which were very few, and very far indeed between. Political economists talk of Britain being too much crowded, as if one-half the inhabitants should be drowned that the other half might live comfortably; but in this part of the country there would be room enough yet for you and me.

Those who prefer continental travelling, where

the sympathies are scarcely ever called forth by a sight of rural habitations, might think this wilderness of natural beauty sufficiently interesting; but scenery appears to me like a body without a spirit, unless there be added to all the decorations of nature some signs of human life. I used to be told, that no one could look steadily at a mountain for ten minutes without discovering some living creature upon it; but here you might watch during a long summer's day, and see nothing more alive than the rocks. Travellers, in a precipitous country like this, should get their nerves newly strung for the occasion, as the road is really like a slack-rope slung between the mountains. In places where we should merely have been killed on the spot by an overturn, there were no parapets; but where we must have been literally dashed to atoms, a low wall had been raised, merely sufficient to give the horse a hint that he was not expected to go over, though he delighted to approach the very edge, as if enjoying the jest of terrifying me. This animal must certainly once have been a civil engineer, he detected so instantly the slightest ascent in the road, when no inducement

could make him at all moderate the lounging pace in which he felt entitled to indulge. At one place, in the dusk of the evening, we suddenly turned a sharp corner of the road, and came so startlingly close to a blazing fire surrounded by gypsies, that our quadruped shyed, and instantly backed to the very edge of a precipice. One step more and we were over, when a tall, fine-looking "Johnnie Faa" sprung forward, and seized the horse's bridle. Now for a robbery! No! but having led us safely past the danger, he vanished, without waiting to be either thanked or remunerated.

Near the head of Glenfinnan lies a beautiful tract of country where I built my fifty-ninth cottage. The Trossachs are nothing to this! Loch Sheil hemmed in by a rugged range of rocky knolls, which are surmounted by peaked mountains and shaggy precipices. The hills were formerly clothed with forests, now thinned into beautiful clumps of hoary old fir trees, stretching their long bare arms in fantastic shapes and forms towards the road, and contrasted with the pea-green foliage of the young birch wood. The whole scene is enclosed within a stony range of

barren mountains, looking as if their very bones had been picked, and conspicuous in the centre of this glen stands a monument raised to commemorate the spot where Prince Charles first landed "to win the crown of his ancestors or perish," and to take possession of a country which must indeed have seemed well worth fighting for. Here he gazed for the first time on its verdant fields, its limpid streams, its waving forests, and the bold heights of Ben Nevis rising four thousand feet above the spot where he stood, and here once more Charles Edward, as a conquered fugitive, looked for the last time upon his native country and hereditary kingdom, before he re-embarked to leave it for ever. They were bitter tears shed by the last of the Stuarts near this very spot, when, surrounded by more than a hundred Highland gentlemen whom his enterprise had ruined, he drew his sword with Princely dignity to begin an animating speech, but on turning to the brave men following him to banishment, he was struck to the heart with grief, suddenly sheathed it, and wept in silence. The monument is "neat and appropriate," but not very unlike a candlestick, surmounted by a

diminutive statue of the Prince, who is supposed to be anxiously watching for the arrival of Lochiel and his adherents. When the works of nature are on so gigantic a scale, any work of man must appear, as this does, like a contribution from a toy shop.

An inn is kept at Glenfinnan by the tallest man in the Highlands, who measures six feet seven,—or seven feet six,—and is large in proportion. Our host is said to be vain of his prodigious celebrity, and it is well for him if he can consider it an advantage, but your friend, who pitied a glow-worm for carrying a light because it was conspicuous, would not envy him. Some people are vain of any peculiarity, and would like to be remarked for having two arms, or only one nose, if that were at all uncommon, but the love of notoriety, without being very fastidious as to the cause, was never more curiously testified than by Voltaire, who envied a robber for being hanged, because it made him celebrated for a time.

After wearying ourselves with admiring a medley of promontories, precipices, islands, mountains, forests, bays, and creeks, we arrived at

Arisaig, which is so unusual a route anywhere, that the innkeeper seemed in as much consternation at the arrival of travellers, as if we had been comets, or had rode upon broomsticks. Till the landlady recovered her presence of mind, she ushered us into the kitchen, apologising that her parlour and three best bed-rooms had been constantly occupied during the last twelve summers by a trio of gentlemen from Oxford, who come there to enjoy fishing and shooting during the whole season. I wish Messrs. Templar, Chaplin, and Thorpe, had each a Highland estate, since they seem so well disposed towards the country; but in the meantime it would have been convenient to enforce at Arisaig, the regulation made at the New Club, that no person can occupy his rooms above a fortnight, without making way for a successor.

Late in the evening, we were at length shown into a sitting-room, resembling an armoury of guns, varied by fishing rods, and adorned with a greater variety of flies than Domitian ever killed. Here being allowed by special licence to partake of some refreshment, we "tea'd," though certainly the tea was not from Assam or from the Empe-

ror of China's own tea-chest, but came, more probably, off the neighbouring hedges or hay-fields.

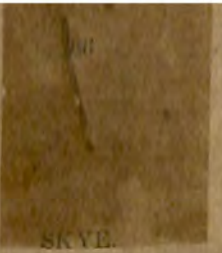
Lord Cranstoun's beautifully situated cottage near this, might be mistaken for a villa from Cheltenham, but shows no resemblance to a cottage, except in the name, being a solid substantial square mansion, situated in a perfect paradise for sportsmen, as the grounds are quite a zoological garden of birds, animals, and fish, wild, tame, and amphibious, every species of living creature in short, except mankind; but the solitude around this charming place is like that on Robinson Crusoe's island, before he came there himself. The motto of Lord Cranstoun's family is rather a selfish one, "Thou shalt want ere I want!"

A profound author makes the very original remark that, "every day must be followed by its night," and, having been asleep for some time, I shall now wish myself a good repose. You once described a novel to me as "a book of sitting-up-all-night interest, which I hope this long letter may prove, when you honour it with a perusal, and pray write me a Rowland for an Oliver, as I rigidly adhere, with my correspondents, to that

sagacious old rule, "never give an apple, except to those who have an orchard." You have some good qualities, but frequent letter-writing is certainly not one of them, and, like Sheridan, who always contrived, when his creditors came for payment, to out-wit them and borrow more, you excel so much in apologies, that after having intended your last "small note" to be protested, I now send you a larger instalment than ever, though scarcely hoping to receive more than one per cent. in return.

After all our difficulties and dangers, I may conclude this epistle with saying, like Lord Grizzle in Tom Thumb,

"Thus far our arms with victory are crown'd;
For though we have not fought, yet we have found
No enemy to fight withal."



SKYE.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

BYRON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—The Vicar of Wakefield gives great encouragement to hasty scribblers, by remarking, that "a book may be amusing with numerous errors, and dull without a single absurdity;" therefore pray take this as you find it, and I hope you are not yet surfeited with beautiful scenery and miscellaneous jottings.

Having scarcely ever, during the last few weeks, escaped the sound of wheels, belonging either to a carriage, or a steam-boat, it was an agreeable variety this morning, when we entered the Excise boat, an elegant little sailing vessel, ready to assist us in crossing the fifteen miles

between Arisaig and the Isle of Skye, which takes its name from a Danish word, signifying the Isle of Mist.

During our voyage in this little fairy vessel, I could have pitied all the world but ourselves, we were so enchanted. It is curious that the utmost expression of enjoyment you can succeed in drawing from a Scotch peasant is, "I canna complain!" Some people think it beneath their dignity to be entirely pleased under any circumstances; but I coincide with the philosopher who remarked, that it was better to be born with a disposition to look at the bright side of things, than to an estate of L.20,000 a year. Travellers carry their own pleasure, or ennui, like their baggage, along with them; but yet the more nearly we approach the confines of perfect happiness, the more is our enjoyment mingled with a feeling of awe, in reflecting that we are in a world where nothing can last; and pleasure least of all.

The difference between a steam-boat and a sailing vessel seemed as great at first, as between a caterpillar and a butterfly, but my contempt for boilers and funnels did not last long, as we

were very soon becalmed, when a few turns of the vulgar paddle would have been very acceptable. What a convenience the trade winds must be! I thought of the dialogue between Macbeth's witches. "I'll give thee a wind!" "Thou art kind!" but it would not have suited me to continue the dialogue, "In a sieve I'll thither sail!" The two boatmen wielded their oars, and laboured so hard, under a burning sun during five hours, that I really felt grieved for them, and when the dark brown sail waved idly over our heads, I wished it were turned into a canopy of smoke, that we might have enjoyed all the stir and bustle of cutting through the water by steam. The useful is, in the long run, always preferable to the ornamental, and we had abundant time to arrive at this conclusion, while sitting on the water, making no perceptible progress, and with nothing to do but look at the rugged hills of Skye, which seemed never any nearer.

Being obliged to make for the nearest point in order to arrive before midnight, we landed at Ardvoiser Bay, on a long range of high, sharp, slippery rocks, covered with wet sea-weed, and betraying us every moment into a false step.

Here our difficult and dangerous progress became an apt emblem of prosperity, as the higher we rose, the less hope there was of escaping a fall. At one place, where I was tottering and sliding over a wilderness of sea-weed and rocks, all more slippery than ice, and thinking of Glengarry, a sure-footed Highlander, fracturing his skull in such a scene, I began to feel serious doubts whether my own could be safely conveyed to terra firma, and felt perfectly certain, that the first man who invented piers, did so after landing at Ardvoiser Bay, or some place very like it.

Two thirds of Skye belonged to my grandfather and uncles in succession, who are now represented by the present chieftain Lord Macdonald, to whose beautifully situated castle we immediately proceeded, though obliged on this occasion to benefit by the hospitality of an absent relative. Strangers, in former days, whom the family had never even seen, used to be entertained at Armidale castle by the factor, and often remained for several days; but on entering the silent halls and uninhabited apartments, we felt, like Hajii Baba, the want of a friend to

say, "you are welcome." The feeling of solitude was singularly and painfully increased by seeing the almost living portraits of those who once would have given us so cordial a reception. All around appeared the relations with whom our earliest recollections of kindness were associated,—and yet we were alone! I never knew the power of painting before! We were at last in that house, where they had so often wished us to visit them, and of which they had spoken with so much delight; but we had come after their voices are silent, and the place that once knew them shall know them no more. It was a solemn and mournful feeling, and when I looked for the first time on our forefathers, and thought on their more ancient progenitors, who were sovereign Princes of the Isles, entering into treaties with the monarchs of England, making war on the kings of Scotland, and intermarrying with their families, I could not but remember the pathetic language of Ossian, "Where are our fathers, O chiefs of the times "of old? They are set like stars that have "shone, we only hear the sound of their praise. "But they were renowned in their day, and the

" terror of other times. Thus do we pass in " the day of our fall, like the last beams of the " sun, when he hides his red head in the west."

Here a gothic window of painted glass, exhibits a portrait in full Highland garb, representing the celebrated Somerled, first Lord of the Isles, a distinguished warrior six hundred years ago, who married the daughter of a Norwegian king, and founded the family of Macdonald. It is related of him, that being once on a very small island, with only a hundred followers, he was besieged by the whole Norwegian fleet, and apprehensive that the enemy might overpower him, he adopted a singular stratagem to intimidate them from landing. The whole force under his command being clothed in goats skins, he ordered the Highlanders to march round the island with their colours flying, and their bagpipes playing. This attracted attention, and the moment his troops had passed out of sight, the men were desired to turn their coats inside out, and with this altered exterior, and a different gathering played on the bagpipes, they marched past the Norwegian fleet again. Having repeated a similar metamorphosis several times, the invaders

became intimidated at the number of regiments apparently mustering to oppose them, and set sail without beat of drum. This is the only instance on record when a Lord of the Isles became a turn-coat.

The portrait of chief general interest in Armidale Castle, is that of the celebrated Sir James Macdonald, whose early death at the age of twenty-five, was universally lamented as an irreparable loss to literature and to society. Like the Admirable Crichton, he was prepared and trained to excel in the race which Providence ordained that he never should run, so that while all were ready to yield him the palm of triumphant success, he sunk into an untimely grave. The extraordinary honours paid to his memory at Rome, notwithstanding his being a Protestant, exceeded what had ever been shown to any British subject since the death of Sir Philip Sidney; and his epitaph, or rather panegyric, written by the famous Lord Littleton, is carved on marble in the parish church at Armidale. There buried in the coffin beside himself lie all his writings and papers! Though admired and honoured by all others, he courted privacy him-

self, and drew a promise from Lady Margaret Macdonald, his mother, that not a page he had ever written should be preserved, to which she rigidly adhered, and thus the halo that shines around the memory of so distinguished a scholar is untarnished by the cupidity or injudiciousness of survivors.

In the present bookmaking age, no precaution on his own part could probably have shielded Sir James Macdonald from becoming the subject of a catch-penny volume, containing recollections of his fire-side conversations, varied by a transcript of all his boyish themes, and how-d'ye-do letters; but a law should really be passed, making it felonious to attempt any man's life against his consent, and if he gives it, I would bring in a verdict of *felo de se*. The race of self-interested speculators in biography had scarcely then appeared in the world, so that an eminent man might slip out of it without suffering from that "new terror of death," the assassination of fame which pursues a helpless mortal after he ought to be laid at rest in the grave. I remember being amused once at a jocular advertisement which appeared in the news-

paper, announcing "the reminiscences of a small puppy-dog," that lived in a cage beside the lion at Exeter 'Change. He is supposed, like any other biographer of the present day, to bring the noble animal as much to his own level as possible, and confidently announces his pretensions in these lines,—

> And few dogs have such opportunities had,
> Of knowing how lions behave among friends,—
> How that animal eats, how he moves, how he drinks,
> Is all noted down by this Boswell so small,
> And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
> That the lion was no such great things after all.

The best portrait of Sir James Macdonald was painted at Rome, a very short time before his death. He is seated in an arm-chair, turning over the leaves of a book, and nothing can be more touchingly interesting than the thoughtful melancholy expression on his pallid countenance, while his high expanded forehead would have perfectly enraptured a phrenologist. An earlier picture represents him in the Highland costume as a boy, carrying his gun, while his younger brother, who afterwards inherited the chieftainship, is playing at golf with the ball at

his foot,' an emblem perhaps of the good fortune which attended all his subsequent life.

When a very ancient chief of the Grants was offered the Earldom of Seafield, he proudly declined it, saying, "Who would then be Laird of Grant?" and it has been thought that the chieftain of Macdonald, representing the ancient Lords of the Isles, need scarcely have accepted a coronet; but when the title was given, peerages were peerages, not produced in annual Whig crops, apparently at random, but reserved for men of fortune, family and distinction. The chieftainship of a Clan, not being a chartered title, disputes have arisen during the present day respecting the pre-eminence in almost every Highland family, and none is more keenly contested than that of Macdonald. In various distinguished branches of the family, a mistaken belief arose, that by proving themselves to represent Ranald Macdonald, and to have inherited his name as Ranaldson or Clanranald, they at once obtained the supremacy, whereas, the point to be demonstrated, is not "the true Ranaldson," but the true "Macdonald," a name by which the present chief is known throughout the Isles.

The accurate and investigating Dr. Johnson, during his visit to Skye, made no mistake on this point; but Sir Walter Scott, less historically correct, bestowed brevet rank on an "island Lord" who suited his poetical narrative, in consequence of which, the claimant to whom he gave a preference wrote immediately to the late Alexander Lord Macdonald, urging him to acknowledge the justice of this unforeseen promotion.

My uncle, more amused than irritated, returned the following answer, characteristic of his usual urbanity and good humour.

"Dear Sir,—Till you prove that you are my chieftain, I am yours,

"Macdonald."

When Sir Walter Scott spoke slightingly once of the "Slate family," as he named that of the chief, on account of his property being situated in the district of Sleat, a relation who was present remarked, "You will find, on inquiry, that in the house of Macdonald, the Slates were always uppermost."

Alexander Lord Macdonald, for many years the liberal benefactor of Skye, is still remembered there with a warmth of gratitude, which neither time nor death have yet obliterated, and every eye brightened with pleasing recollection when we mentioned his name. He lived on terms of cordial intimacy with his clansmen and tenantry, whose interests it was his chief pleasure, during a long succession of years, to promote, while the greater proportion of his large income was expended on the improvement and decoration of his estate. An English visitor once asked him with surprise, how it happened that all his principal tenants came to dine at Armidale Castle whenever they pleased, while in the South, farmers are welcomed only when they come to pay their rents, to which he replied, "Your English tenants are all boors, but mine are Highland gentlemen of family and education."

Alexander Lord Macdonald lived to complete only one-third of the magnificent castle which he intended to raise here, on a plan by Gillespie, but even this comparatively moderate house forms a fine residence in the Gothic style. The

situation is indescribably beautiful, almost overhanging an elbow of the Atlantic, and surrounded by a finely-wooded park, with trees crowded to the shore, almost within water-mark, and the verdant forests, strangely contrasted by a wall of barren mountains, ranged along the opposite coast, so bare and rugged, that you might suppose they had been blasted by lightning. Towards evening, the setting sun cast a ruddy glare over those gigantic hills of Moidart, which made them look like red porphyry, while the clouds seemed to be raining fire upon them.

When the Duke of Orleans travelled through Scotland, he mentioned that no scenery on the Continent, or elsewhere, had ever astonished him so much as the Coulin mountains of Skye, and I tied a knot on my memory at the moment to take the earliest opportunity of going there. That country was, however, a perfect *cul de sac* till lately, very difficult to get into, and still more difficult to escape from, but now, when steamboats have rendered every place almost equally accessible, you may see flocks and herds of visitors hurrying across from the mainland, and next morning we proceeded towards the grand

point of attraction, Loch Scavaig. Our drive across the country towards Broadford, led through a country, in some places, so flat and barren, you might see a hare half a-mile off, and the heavy wet clouds seemed entirely to have sponged the sun out of the sky. The view continued to be a spacious blank, till at last we came in sight of a fine Vesuvius-like mountain, on the summit of which a Norwegian princess once desired to be buried, that her dirge might be sung by her native breezes. The idea sounds pretty and poetical, but there is not much more actual sense in it, than in the order given by an Austrian princess, that her body should not be buried in the family vault, as the last person interred there had died of the small-pox.

The only visible occupants of the small inn at Broadford, where we stopped to dine, were a pretty little girl, about fourteen, who received our orders in the triple capacity of landlady, chambermaid, and cook, while a boy still younger seemed to hold an equal plurality of offices. These young persons are the grandchildren of a ferryman, named M'Innes, to whom Prince Charles, in his utmost extremity, applied for as-

sistance after the battle of Culloden. The Prince's object was to escape from Skye, and the generous Highlander, knowing what a dangerous service it might be, and that a reward of L.30,000 would be paid him for betraying the royal fugitive, nevertheless carried him safely over from Strathaird to Arisaig. In returning, this faithful adherent was seized by a king's ship, under command of Captain Ferguson, who guessed he had some knowledge of Prince Charles's concealment, and tried to extort a confession, first by persuasion, and afterwards by inflicting five hundred lashes, with cruel severity, but all in vain. The secret remained untold, and M'Innes received no other reward for his magnanimous conduct, than the inward consciousness of integrity, while to his descendants he has bequeathed an honourable poverty, and a name that ought not to be forgotten.

After having paraded through Broadford, inspecting the village-pump and other public buildings, we returned to dine on ham of every kind, and eggs of every date, but scarcely had we sat down, before the Rev. Mr. Mackinnon arrived, with so cordial an invitation to the

house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Mackinnon of Corrichatican, that in half an hour I found myself transported into an elegant drawing-room, under the same roof with the venerable Mrs. Mackinnon, aged 95, who formerly entertained Dr. Johnson in Skye, enjoying a splendid sea view from the window, and welcomed by an agreeable circle of ready-made friends, who had not been conscious of our existence an hour before. There really seems to be a "Strangers' friend society" at every house on the island, and no one can feel himself a stranger long. The inns having no horses or conveyance of any kind, travellers in Skye move about like the Ayrshire beggars, who are laid helplessly down at a door, till, having been received and refreshed, they can be passed on to the nearest house beyond. After spending a day most agreeably at Corry, we were conveyed to the manse at Strath, where the most unqualified and abundant attention is paid to that injunction of Scripture, "use hospitality one towards another, without grudging." Mr. Mackinnon made his house, his time, and his servants, entirely our own, and we felt so much at home, during the two days of our stay, that I could not

but think the visitors at the manse of Strath must sometimes be in danger of forgetting Solomon's admonition to guests, "remove thy foot from thy neighbour's house, lest he weary of thee, and curse thee."

We went on Sunday to hear Mr. Mackinnon preach, first in Gaelic and then in English. The parish church being now in a ruinous, tumble-down state, both services were performed in the open air, which, on a fine summer day, has a truly delightful and apostolical appearance. We sat on a carpet of daisies, surrounded by mountains, and canopied by a gorgeous azure sky, reminding us of the power and presence of an Almighty Creator, more than any walls built by human skill, while the sacred music of the psalms was mingled with the notes of a blackbird, the humming of bees, the bleating of sheep, and the distant cry of the sea-gulls. All nature seemed united to "speak our Maker as we can."

There we literally seemed to breathe liquid sunshine, but in cities, the want of ventilation at our churches and chapels is a serious grievance, and an eminent chemist, wishing lately to prove what a poisonous atmosphere is endured by

crowded congregations at Edinburgh, carefully bottled off a specimen of the air in various churches, after the audience had dispersed. The result was, that a fly could scarcely survive upon the polluted air, which had been breathed successively by a dozen of persons at least, or, if the sermon had been long, by double the number. I often wish that air might become dyed of a different colour, after being used, that those who live in a perpetual terror of fresh air might see the poisonous atmosphere to which they condemn themselves, for all the tasteful ruralities of life are destroyed by those who dread the gentlest zephyrs, and some of our friends, even if they lived in a bottle, would wish to put the cork in. Mr. Irving used to say that he had "a satin and velvet congregation" at his chapel in London, but here we saw one entirely of tartan. The people were almost universally of the lower ranks, and so indigent, that the usual Scotch custom of making a collection during service, for the poor, was entirely omitted, as most of those present would have only been giving with one hand, to receive in another. Still I regretted the omission, even though our subscrip-

tion had been like that in the famous anti-climax of O'Connell's rent, "a penny from the poor man, a half-penny from the beggar man, and a farthing from the starving man."

One of the most indigent old men in the congregation we observed indefatigably handing about his own "snuff mull" among his very poor looking neighbours, and I could not but admire the spirit of gentleman-like liberality with which he made every one welcome to share the greatest luxury he could offer. Two very aged women, to whom he was peculiarly attentive, reclined almost full-length on the turf beside him, and the thought forced itself upon me, how soon they must all be laid beneath it,—"Time had shaken them by the hand, and death could not be far behind." When looking at this "old kirk-yard," which seemed like "a valley of dry bones," the fresh green grass waving in the breeze over the ancient graves of many a departed generation, it was impressive to reflect how thin a barrier divided us all,—that the sun above our heads was only lighting us to the tomb,—that every hour which strikes, and every pulse which beats, is the knell of depart-

ing time,—that many a Sabbath is already registered in the eternal record on our account,—and that soon, very soon, the sum of all our Sabbaths shall be made up.

No choice is allowed us when or where we shall go through the solemn mystery of death; but how to meet its sacred terrors is the one only point of importance, and that is placed in our own hands, whether we shall rush unprepared and unwilling into the presence of an offended Judge, or pass, with holy hope and peaceful resignation, into the mansions of a forgiving and beneficent Father.

There would be no unhappiness in this world if we could conform our wills entirely to the will of God, but such a feeling, in its utmost perfection, can never be attained while the soul continues imprisoned in a mortal body; yet men are happy in exact proportion as they advance in such an implicit submission to the Almighty; and it is the greatest triumph of faith over nature, when we can see hope even illuminate the grave, and calmly acquiesce in the solemn decree, that the tomb shall speedily close between us, and all we have ever yet seen or

known, confidently believing that an admission has been obtained for us, undeserving as we are, into a brighter and better world, "a new Heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

There was a strange mixture of belief and infidelity in the last words of Thistlewood the murderer, before he was launched into eternity, "I shall soon know the great secret!" The Highlanders talk of death with as much fearlessness as if it were the escape of a bird from its cage, or like cutting the cables that confine a balloon to the earth; and they have a curious custom of sending messages to the dead by their dying friends,—for in no country are the deceased so entirely spoken of, and thought of, as being "not lost, but gone before,"—as yet living, though absent; and I have always believed that the unseen world is not so far distant as many suppose, for here already we are invisibly surrounded by "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." Some Christians accustom themselves to think too vaguely and indefinitely of Heaven, as a place of disembodied spirits, where they

shall flit about like wreaths of mist upon the mountain tops; and such mistaken views engender a degree of careless indifference, which could not continue if we realized the blessed consciousness, that our bodies shall rise at the resurrection,—that we shall be re-united to the Christian companions of our earthly existence, —that we shall enjoy communion with the saints and martyrs whose memory we have been accustomed to reverence,—and, above all, that our glorified Redeemer himself shall welcome us to those mansions of eternal joy, which he died that we might enter.

> Thus all our prospects bright'ning to the last.
> Our Heav'n commences ere the world be past.

LOCH SCAVAIG.

While nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne.

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
MACBETH.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—We used, long ago, to pity the Romans for being obliged to write upon wax, but that could scarcely seem a more uncomfortable task than to write legibly upon this glazed slippery paper now in fashion, where the words must be traced often three times over, and after all are not very readable. Nothing appears less understood in the world, than that the chief object of writing is to be read, or so many people would not adopt beautiful but illegible hands; and as for Members of Parlia-

ment, during their days of greatness, when franks were still in being, it seemed their favourite achievement to adopt a signature which no one could decipher. A friend of ours once showed me her collection of illegible franks, and I would as soon have attempted to make out a Herculaneum manuscript. Much mischief has been done in the world by its becoming so universally acknowledged an axiom, that "all clever people write bad hands," consequently it is assumed, that all who write bad hands are clever; and those who show no other symptom of being so, can, at all events, use pointless pens and glazed paper, like those with which I am about to teaze and puzzle you.

We now proposed to navigate our course towards the celebrated bay called Loch Scavaig, and to prepare for admiring that far-famed *ne plus ultra* of Highland fresh-water lakes, "Loch Coruisk," which seemed so difficult of access, that I almost despaired of ever delighting my eyes with the view of its dark waters and rugged boundaries. Wherever we stayed in Skye, it always turned out to be "twenty miles distant," and the only mode of access, by sea in an open

boat. For one tolerable day now, I would have exchanged a week of the very worst weather at any other time; and fortunately on Monday the sun treated us to so splendid a blaze of light and heat, as could scarcely have been outdone in Italy or the tropics.

By a consultation of watches, it was nine o'clock when our boat started on its rowing match of twenty miles distance and back again. We had four oars, and the boatmen pulled so well, that we accomplished it, including stoppages, in exactly twelve hours. We had what sailors call "a lady's breeze," which never seemed to know its own mind; and as the French have a proverb, that "the wind in a man's face makes him wise," we must have become perfect philosophers on this occasion, seeing at every turn we expected to put up a sail; but no! it actually veered round five times during the day, becoming always more adverse. The weathercocks had a sad life of it! I have long observed an interesting and remarkable fact as to tides, that, steer in what direction we may, they are always against us; and both in going and returning, our bark had to stem its utmost force.

We had, however, a deliciously hot day, clear, and perfectly bright, except at the horizon, where a curious ribbon of mist ran the whole way along between the ocean and sky.

When the Doge of Venice next marries the sea, he should come to Skye, where his bride may be seen in her utmost possible beauty, with "weeds that sparkle, and with waves that blaze." On approaching the shore, we saw into the clear crystal depths so distinctly, that you might have read a newspaper lying underneath. Here the medusas had a beautiful appearance, as a continual succession of them floated upwards in the water, painted in so great a variety of brilliant colours, that they looked like China plates, while some were so transparent, they might have been mistaken for glass tumblers. A perfect garden of sea-weed and shells, exhibiting the most vivid colours, and divided by patches of glittering sand, looked so beautiful and inviting, that I wished myself endowed with the lungs of a fish, to have dived down, and walked about in those cool retreats, where the mermaid's song might have been most appropriately sung,—

My gay bower is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drown'd at sea;
The fish are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my dowrie.

And my bower is slated wi' the big blue waves,
And pav'd wi' the yellow sand,
And in my chambers grow bonnie white flowers,
That never grew on land.

I observed an otter busily fishing for his livelihood among the rocks, and hope he enjoyed better sport than we did, as the whole party carried lines during twelve hours, without any better success than two nibbles and a bite. After hooking one very fine lythe, which rose to the surface, he escaped, probably laughing in his sleeve at our want of skill. Here I was shown a place where the late proprietor of Strathaird, who thought no more of ordering a new house, than we do of building a new bonnet, actually had three successive mansions for himself and family, before he felt satisfied with the situation. Number one was too near the shore, as he said it was impossible to breathe there, so he razed it to the foundation. Number two had been elevated rather high up the bank, so it

was forsaken; but at last number three hit the happy medium, and he condescended to live and die there. Another somewhat expensive eccentricity of the old gentleman's was, that having once ordered a supply of glass and crockery from Liverpool, which was so ill packed, it became broken, he always afterwards made his guests and his family drink their tea, wine, or beer in silver cups, not by any means an agreeable substitute for china.

Strathaird's cave, which drew tears of rapturous admiration from the late Lord Kinneder, is one of the seven wonders of Skye, being exceedingly extensive, and lined with beautiful spar, so perfectly white and crystallized, that I have seen morsels broken off, with which an absent man would have sugared his tea. The entrance is very imposing, as if a hill had been torn asunder to form it. Both sides are flanked by prodigious masses of rock and spar, covered with dark draperies of sea-weed, which had the effect, at some distance, of large shaggy animals hanging over the roof. An inner cave is still finer, but so difficult of access, that I wished it had been impossible. A steep, slippery

inclined plane of glassy wet spar, looking like sheets of ice, thirty feet high, must be first surmounted, while one sailor, with a lighted torch, leads the way, and another follows behind, to catch those who fall. Shakespeare remarks, that "many would be cowards if they dare," but I always dare. On this occasion, we should certainly have fractured two or three limbs at least; and not having a skilful surgeon with us, I made a pretext, that great damage having recently been done to the cave by tourists, who broke fragments of the stalactite off, to take away for specimens, it would be painful to witness the cruel devastation. A very curious monk's head, with a long beard, most accurately sculptured by nature, once decorated this cave, but the beard has gradually been broken off and pilfered. Some travellers would steal the nose from the Venus de Medici if they could! Most of those weighty samples of the cave are, after all, hurried into a watery grave before reaching the shore, and the perpetrators of these disgraceful mutilations should be intimidated by the apparition which still remains in this cave, a gigantic white statue of spar, standing on a pave-

ment like onyx stones, commonly pointed out as the geni of the place. The proprietor being naturally anxious to impede future devastations, a hideously ugly wooden paling has been raised across the mouth of this remarkable cave, backed by a substantial modern gate, and clumsy padlock. I almost fainted at the sight of it! This disenchants the whole scene, and puts nature out of countenance, but if visitors will act like mischievous schoolboys, they deserve to be no better treated.

Along many miles of this coast we were entertained by seeing a continual succession of caves, such as men perhaps once inhabited previous to the more comfortable invention of houses. They appeared in most fanciful and picturesque architecture, some forming Gothic arches, and others resembling ruined castles, the walls varied by brilliant tints of yellow, green, or white, with irregular windows, buttresses, towers, and gate-posts, while many seemed so like the dens of wild beasts, that if a bear had emerged from their dark and solitary recesses, it would have appeared quite natural. The ragged outlines of these rocks frequently form curious resemblances

to faces, profiles, ships, and other imaginary phantoms, which we amused ourselves by tracing, and one gigantic negro's head, visible for several miles, was so completely obvious to every eye, that I wonder the slave ships never captured it.

The life of Charles Edward might furnish materials for half-a-dozen romances, and we now approached the dismal cave, where, after all was lost but honour, he passed several dreary nights in solitary concealment. Our four Highland boatmen silently took off their blue bonnets, placed them on the seat, and continued respectfully uncovered till we had passed it, and I heard the tune of "Charlie is my Darling," sung in a tone so subdued, that Argyll himself could scarcely have been offended.

Prince Charles, amongst his other accomplishments, must have been an excellent climber, as I wished extremely to enter the obscure Palace of Royalty, but the only access is over a rude causeway of slippery stones and sea-weed, ascending more than twenty feet. All things desirable in this life are difficult of attainment, and with a world of enthusiasm on the subject, I remain-

ed ingloriously seated in the boat, while a gentleman who acted as our cicerone, obligingly leaped on shore, took the rocks in gallant style, and gathered a perfect bouquet of flowers from the Prince's den, consisting of sea-pinks, rock roses, wild geraniums, and primroses. He said the marks might still be traced of a fire having burned near the mouth of this cave, but the entrance is so blockaded by stones and grass, that it is scarcely visible, therefore I did not wonder the English troops were unsuccessful in their game at hide and seek with the royal fugitive, along so wild and broken a coast. At length he made himself known to the laird of Mackinnon, who faithfully answered this appeal to his hospitality, by conveying his unexpected guest to safer quarters. On being afterwards accused of thus favouring the prince, and tried for his life in London, he obtained a pardon, and was about to leave the court of justice, when the judge called him back, saying, "Tell me, if Prince Charles were again in your power, what you would do?" The stout old Highlander replied, with very marked emphasis, "I would do to the prince as you have this day done to me,—

I would send him back to *his own* country!" The old Jacobite song expresses no more than was felt by many a brave Highlander in these days,—

> "If I had twenty thousand lives,
> I'd die as aft for Charlie."

During our progress, we were shown the position of another remarkable cave, in the island of Eigg, where two hundred Macdonalds, having taken refuge from a superior number of Macleods, were traced to their place of concealment, when the enemy's boats were about to go away, in consequence of a scout having left the mark of his footsteps on the snow. A fire was immediately lighted, which filled up the mouth of the cave, and the wretched fugitives were literally smoked to death. In most Highland traditions, not excepting Glencoe, the Macdonalds were an exceedingly ill-used clan. One of the refugees, being connected by marriage with the Macleods, was offered permission to crawl out on his hands and knees, and to bring out four others along with him in safety, but having selected a friend whom they would not spare, he preferred

death with his favourite clansman, to life without him. The bones of these ill-fated Macdonalds, all whitened by time, are still to be seen lying near the entrance, where they had crowded for air, and the straw is yet visible on which their beds had been made.

The island of Eigg exhibits the most whimsical freak of nature I ever saw, being on the southern side perfectly flat, except where one prodigious rock, called the Scuir of Eigg, rises twelve hundred feet perpendicularly out of the sea. It stands up very much as the egg of Columbus did, when he balanced it on the small end; and we may say like the Highlander, when asked what he thought of a fine lunar rainbow, "It's neat!—very neat, as all the works of nature is!"

Now for Loch Scavaig!—or Loch Savage, as it might more appropriately be named. What a scene! It is actually a burlesque on Glencoe! The besetting sin of travellers is said to be exaggeration, so I must avoid it; but never—no, never did I see anything to compare with this! You would say, "it is horribly beautiful!" The Spanish proverb observes, that "He who has

not seen Seville has seen nothing;" and I would transfer the remark to Loch Scavaig. We were told that Thomson the artist threw away his pencil and brushes in despair, when he first beheld it; and there goes my pen! ——·——

Miss Fanny Kemble concludes her journal in an attitude of speechless astonishment at Niagara. Shall I do the same here? No! out of mere compassion to your curiosity, I mean to try whether there be language sombre, dark, and wild enough to paint a scene as dismal as death itself. If ever a tree grew here, it must have been the upas tree; and Bunyan probably had this very scene in his eye, when he described the Giant Despair's residence. After landing in the bay of Scavaig, we crossed about four hundred yards of rock, overgrown with wild myrtle and heather, when we reached the dark, deep, fresh-water lake of Coruisk, imprisoned within a circle of gigantic barren mountains, looking like ragged purple clouds, the summit of which seemed nearer the sky than the earth. The least of these hills might be cousin-german to Mount Blanc, only we missed the livery of perpetual snow on their splintered

summits. Here, for the first time, I saw mid-day and midnight at once! a brilliant blazing sun boiling the water, and scorching the rocks on one side, while at an opposite end, the lake seemed turned to ink, and the hills looked as if a deluge of pitch and tar blackened their precipitous sides. This place seems like the worn-out remains of some old world, torn, shattered, and thrown aside in rugged heaps, as being useless rubbish, never again meant for mortal use. You would wonder how the clouds contrive to get over the tall, steep pinnacles, apparently piercing the sky in all directions; and some of those mighty steeples, one of which, three thousand feet high, is named "the black peak," can never have been trod by a human footstep.

While we stood, an eagle flitted silently about, from rock to rock, like a great frigate sailing through the air; wild goats were visible straying over their native fastnesses; red deer harbour in herds along the valley; and troops of sea-gulls fluttered upon a little fairy islet visible above the surface of the lake. No sign of human life or human habitation was there. Let me entreat that another year shall not

elapse before your footsteps follow ours, and I am sure you will approve of my recommendation if you follow it; but, as Horne Tooke says, "there are two sorts of fools, about advice, those who give it, and those who will not take it."

It seemed presumptuous to disturb the gloomy perpetual silence which reigns around Coruisk, but when we awakened the echoes, you would have thought a whole army had started into life, and were shouting in chorus, till the sound died off, apparently some miles distant. One of the sharpest peaks, commonly called "the shouting mountain," most amply merited the name this day, for we made it speak in very audible accents, and when a steam-boat comes here, the captain causes a bugle to be sounded, which must have an effect like enchantment. We tried a laughing chorus in the style of Der Freischutz, which went off with great eclat, and a thunder-storm would appear to tremendous advantage among those hills and rocks.

Full of awe and astonishment at beholding such an uproar of nature, such a scene of blank desolation, we sat down to recover the shock, and

also to partake of some excellent sandwiches and sherry. The debris of several former pic-nics was strewed around, in the form of well-picked bones and broken glasses; but one gentleman told me, that not long since he found a full bottle of porter, corked and ready for use,—a most substantial present from the fairies, who frequent these glens.

You might imagine that no person's spirits could stand a residence here of above an hour, and that a week would be quite out of the question; but on a neighbouring bay, dismally wild and sombre, stands a little gay slated mansion, with quite an air of modern fashion, belonging to a Lieutenant M'Millan. He has pitched his tent in one of the last retreats on the surface of the earth where I should have expected to discover a member of the Junior United Service Club, but he may say, perhaps, like the Irishman in London "*Je m'ennuis tres bien ici!*" Lieutenant M'Millan is probably as far aloof from neighbours as the gentleman you told me of in Australia, who accidentally snuffed out his candle one evening, and had to ride three miles to get it lighted; and as ill off for news as the

clergyman at St. Kilda, who continued praying for King William more than a year after His Majesty's decease, till accidentally informed that Queen Victoria had been crowned some months before.

An English traveller, several years ago, visited the island of Muck, where, finding a clergyman of talents and education, he commiserated his solitary state so much, that ever since he has persevered in sending him constantly a London daily newspaper. He should send it alternate days to Lieutenant M'Millan! That gentleman very nearly fell a sacrifice lately to his taste for mountain scenery. When showing the place to a guest, perhaps his only visitor that season, a crash was heard overhead, and a solid square fragment of rock, a hundred tons in weight at least, started downwards. The two gentlemen had scarcely time to give themselves over for lost, as it rolled directly towards them, when, after bounding from one projection to another, it suddenly shivered into pieces, which were showered clear over their heads. This predicament reminded me of the Irishman describing similar scenery, when he ended by

saying, "here the delighted spectator every instant expects the rocks to fall on his head and crush him to death."

Some weather-stained precipices along the shore are covered with a lichen resembling rusty iron. Many of the stones are also black, but encrusted over with patches of white coral; and it is curious, when touching those under the sun's rays, that a sensible difference of heat may be observed, the darker half being many degrees hotter.

On the summit of a sharp-pointed hill, where you could scarcely imagine room for one person to stand, the estates of three proprietors divide, and the chieftains of Macdonald, Mackinnon, and Macleod, might all shake hands on that elevated peak, each standing on his own property. Much bloodshed might have been saved long ago, if the limits of property had been as clearly defined and acknowledged. The traditionary recollection of boundaries is yet preserved in many parts of the Western Highlands, by observing the old custom of "whipping the marches." Each parish schoolmaster was bound, in former times, to take his pupils in procession

once a-year round the most remarkable landmarks between the neighbouring estates, and there every boy received so severe a flogging, that he never afterwards forgot it. We read, in the life of Benvenuto Cellini, that his father, on a somewhat similar plan, once showed him, when he was a child, a salamander in the fire, and instantly gave him a violent box on the ear, saying, that blow would fix it in his memory for ever.

This was a day indeed!—we did not return to the manse of Strath till nine o'clock at night, having kept Mr. Mackinnon waiting dinner four hours, a trespass on his hospitality so beyond the reach of apology, that I did not attempt one. Sitting down to dinner in the Highlands at ten o'clock, is a great progress of civilization, and we do flatter ourselves that no London exclusives can possibly hope to out-do us, in putting their friends to inconvenience by waiting. As an old lady said once, with a sigh of resignation, when her family insisted on dining late, "It is, at any rate, a very cheap piece of elegance!"

A Greenock clergyman, who preached a short

time since in this neighbourhood, unintentionally gave great offence by praying for "Skye, and other barbarous islands;" but, for my own part, whenever I think of cordiality or kindness, my thoughts will turn, though not "untravelled," to this very singular looking country, where a statue of Hospitality should be placed on the shore, holding out her hand to welcome strangers as they arrive. Here we seemed to have suddenly become the near relatives and intimate friends of every individual we saw, while I began almost to fancy we must have recently succeeded to the whole island, and were come to take possession.

Nothing can be more depressing than to witness the ruinous effects produced in Skye by the disuse of kelp. Every change in our manufactures throws some people of course out of employment, and here, thousands who could once earn a competence, are now deprived of their only resource, while many whom we saw, having already exhausted all their provisions, were wandering along the shore, picking up shell-fish as their sole means of existence. To the no small credit of those poor destitute people, not a

sheep is ever stolen, nor an article of any kind missing, though two families, who were starving of cold and hunger, next door to each other, were reduced to live in one apartment, and to use the furniture of the rest for fuel.

Troops of men were flocking along the highway with a bag of meal, literally a single "feed of oats," slung over their shoulders, going to "the Continent," as they call Scotland, in search of work. Not one of these wanderers begged, and we were told, that the first account which generally reaches home of their having got employment, is transmitted in company with a boll of meal, for the use of friends and parents left behind. One might have feared, that every warm and generous feeling of the heart would be chilled and frozen into selfishness by the intense suffering we witnessed, but it is far otherwise, and the magnanimous self-denial of Highlanders for the sake of their relations, is a beautiful trait of national character. When my late father, in 1794, raised and commanded a regiment of 600 Caithness Highlanders to assist in protecting the country from threatened invasion, he discovered that the recruits

were intent on saving money for their families, to so romantic an excess, that many did not eat provisions enough to keep them in health, therefore he ordered the officers to superintend their men during dinner, to ascertain that the rations were actually consumed. None of these soldiers would suffer from a complaint which attacked an old *bon vivant* lately, who sent for his physician to say that he was troubled with "an unpleasant sensation of emptiness before dinner, and a most intolerable fulness after eating!"

Some of the poor in Skye have scarcely a notion of any food but oatmeal, and when a gentleman asked a boy one day if he did not tire of porridge, the youth looked up quite aghast with astonishment, saying, "Would ye hae me no' like my meat!" English travellers have a strange idea of our Caledonian dishes, most of which are borrowed from the French; but I was amused lately at one of our southern friends, who thought the only dressing we gave a sheep's head was to singe the hair off; but after tasting the broth which it made, he declared his intention ever afterwards to throw some burned wool

into the soup, to give it that peculiar zest which he greatly admired. It used to be alleged of a certain English Baronet, that he saved the expense of having his hair cut, by singing it off! Where he was visiting once, the whole family became alarmed during the night by so powerful a smell of fire, that the servants hurried all over the house in search of the cause, till having traced it to his room, they burst in and found him, with a candle in his hand, only half through the operation, lighting and extinguishing his hair in rapid succession.

The immense quantity of waste land we saw in Skye, and the number of unemployed destitute people, made me wish that the two could be made to benefit each other, the sons of the soil being hired to cultivate it, and gaining a livelihood for doing so. The miserable pittance they exist on now, cannot in many instances be called a livelihood at all, and they are allowed no more opportunity to improve it, than the two money-making boys had in jail, who lately made three shillings a-day by selling their old clothes to each other. We were delighted to hear that the very obvious plan of improving the unem-

closed commons, is about to be tried on a great scale by Colonel Gordon of Cluny, who lately purchased a large estate on "the Long Island," which is chiefly distinguished for being the ugliest place in Scotland. The new proprietor has already imported a ship-load of ploughs, harrows, axes, and spades, and we wished every success to his experiment of transforming barren heaths into fertile fields, and poor unemployed desponding idlers, into active, happy, and industrious tenantry. Speed the plough! It will turn out true in this neighbourhood, more probably than anywhere else, that "he who makes two grains of corn grow, where only one grew before, is a benefactor to his species."

The Skye cottages cannot be said to enliven and embellish the scenery, as they are the most mournful looking dwellings I ever beheld, built entirely, roof and walls, of green turf, more like the grassy mound of an ancient grave, than a place where the business and pleasures of life are to be carried on. "The day seem'd like the night, asleep," yet so little does happiness really depend on external circumstances, that, surrounded as they are by desolation, the people do oc-

casionally contrive to enjoy something like cheerfulness, and at one place I saw three old women, who seemed to have lighted their "council fire," in a field near the road, looking the very pictures of a snug gossip, and as contented with their tea-kettle over a bonfire of sticks, as if it had been a silver urn, with a lamp underneath.'

In every family here there are sons, brothers, or cousins, hurrying to Australia in search of the golden fleece. That country is the great lumber-room now for stowing away supernumerary people, and I was much interested, before we left the manse of Strath, to be present at the marriage of a young couple who intended making a wedding jaunt to the antipodes. Mr. Mackinnon, with his usual kindness, invited the whole friends and attendants into a parlour, where, for the first time, I heard the ceremony in Gaelic. It must have been, to judge from the agitation of all present, deeply impressive; and in less than ten minutes, the pretty interesting bride was metamorphosed from a Highland housemaid into an Australian shepherdess. Her friends were all dressed in the tartans of their various clans, looking most respectable, and evi-

dently much awed by the compliment of being admitted into the manse, treading on the carpet as if it had been red-hot, and occupying the very smallest possible corner of their chairs. After a final benediction had been pronounced, the "best man" poured out a glass of whisky, which we were expected to taste, wishing the bride happiness and prosperity in the far distant land where she was going in search of both.

I think you are now beginning to yawn, and as the whole ambition of my pen is, to "add a feather to the lightsome hours of your leisure," it is time now to wish you good night, or to say, like the Scotch abigail at Paris, "*Bon snore.*"

LOCHIALSH.

—— The rivers flow,
The woody valley warm and low,
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r.

My dear Cousin,—You agree with me in liking a little scrap of quotation, even from a favourite and well-known poem, for the effect is the same as if a flower were plucked in a garden, and presented by a friend to your especial notice and admiration, so I generally begin by making myself welcome with a few lines from somebody, even though the author's name has escaped me.

When Maturin the author was immersed in composition, he always stuck a wafer on his fore-

head, to indicate that he must on no pretext be disturbed, and he was quite right, for it ruins a whole train of thought to be asked what o'clock it is. Professor Airey has his study at Portsmouth dug out of the solid earth, to prevent any external noise in the docks from annoying him, and a certain friend of yours, when she has a letter to write, is denied to visitors during the entire day, while her whole family must go through the house on tiptoe. You shall judge from this letter, whether the best situation for promoting fluency of style be not a small dark room in the Highlands, such as that we are now imprisoned in; the windows encrusted with dust, and an asthmatic bagpipe playing within a few yards. A poet once published verses "on the rumbling of his carriage wheels," and the excellent Robert Boyle recorded some profound reflections on the subject of "sitting at ease in a rapidly driven chariot," but my remarks must be, on having no conveyance at all. We left Skye in a light skiff, which skimmed across the intervening ferry of a mile in breadth, to Lochalsh in Ross-shire, while we seemed almost sitting on the water, like the sea birds around. Ferries are

no grievance whatever in the Highlands, with such first-rate weather as we enjoyed this morning, when the grandest effects of light and shade, mists and sunshine, were exhibited, which an artist might fancy, but scarcely dare copy on canvas. We are grown such connossieurs in mountain scenery, that I become every day more fastidious, but there is one charming peculiarity on the hills of Lochalsh, which I shall adopt in my own plantations, whenever I have any. The woods here are interspersed with a gorgeous profusion of laburnums, lilacs, rododendrons, and the richest hawthorns, in a flush of blossoms, all planted by the late proprietor, Sir Hugh Innes. Not a flowering shrub seems forgotten, and the whole has the look of a brilliant mosaic, on a dark back-ground. Here also we had nature's orchestra in perfection, a chorus of birds, accompanied by a soft breeze of wind, and the liquid sound of the ocean breaking along its pebbly shore. This is surely one of the most beautiful places I ever saw! To the left is Loch Duich, in front the Isle of Skye, and to the right the Atlantic. Behind is an extensive well-sheltered basin of fertile land, beautifully laid out

and screened from every blast, by a sweep of picturesque hills. The old mansion of Balmacarra is so close to the sea, it appears almost within water-mark, and, taking it as a house, makes no pretensions to beauty, being a long low white-washed building, wanting only a tall chimney, to look like a cotton-mill, and scarcely more picturesque than a row of bathing machines on the sand, but then, as Cinderella's sister observed about her shabby dress, "to make up for that," all we see around is magnificent, and we may therefore say,

> "If to the house some trifling errors fall,
> Look on the hills, and you'll forget them all."

It was in this country that a proprietor, being once asked what he meant to do with all the tenantry he was ejecting from their farms and cottages, angrily replied, "Lochduich is deep enough for them all!"—but far different has been the feeling of an English proprietor, who has acquired by marriage the wide domains of Lochalsh, and made himself ever since one of the best Scotchmen in the Highlands.

While every tongue is eloquent in his neighbourhood, to praise that Christian liberality

which has no limits, but the limits of his income, we heard by the way-side, unceasing instances of the energy and perseverance with which, for years past, he has endeavoured to imitate our Divine Master in benefitting, good or bad, rich or poor, sick or well, every individual within the reach of his influence. No man's sorrows would last longer than the time occupied in telling them, if any effort on his part could "teach want to thrive, and grief to smile again,"—the cares of others become his own by adoption; and our boatmen pointed out with eager interest an hospital on a neighbouring eminence, where the homeless poor are sheltered, that those who are ignorant may be instructed, the sick supplied with medicine, the unemployed with work, and the destitute receive as liberal a supply of winter clothing annually, as if they were all going to Greenland.

Solomon says, "there is that scattereth, yet increaseth. There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." When considering the enlightened Christian motives dictating those good works, which have so long shunned observation, it occurred to me with surprise, as it had

often done already, how much more obvious, generally, are the effects of superstition on the purses and pockets of its votaries, than of a purer and holier faith, which ought to be so much more influential. The presumptuous hope of purchasing heaven by their own meritorious actions, has caused the Roman Catholic churches and charitable institutions to be more liberally endowed than ours, and individuals of that persuasion, whatever be their motives, devote themselves more avowedly and exclusively to the exercise of good works than the generality of Protestants, who, too frequently, give to charity only the sweepings of their extravagance. Even Hindoos and Mahometans exhibit a self-sacrificing spirit, which, while we pity the delusion that excites it, should yet be a solemn admonition to Christians, that they should not carelessly enjoy their higher privileges, but remember with solemn awe, that "they who know their Master's will and do it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." It is true that Protestants prefer inward principle and feelings, to external demonstrations, but still their light should shine distinctly, that all men, seeing the good deeds of Divinely taught

Christians, may learn to glorify their Father which is in heaven. It is said that Wesley, during his life, gave L.30,000 in charity, while his own personal expenses were only L.28 a-year, and it would be well if we could all act upon that frequently quoted and seldom observed maxim of the excellent Howard, "a Christian should make his luxuries yield to another man's comforts, his comforts to another man's necessities, and even his necessities to another man's extremity." We may well exclaim, like Hannah More, "how cheap is charity, how dear is luxury," when, in the present day, ladies will give ten guineas for a pocket handkerchief, who would scarcely spare ten shillings for all the woes of all mankind.

> Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
> To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.

I have often thought, even with respect to those who wish to be conscientious in their expenditure on charity, that the rich scarcely consider how great is the disproportion between a man of L.10,000 a year subscribing his guinea, and another with only L.100 a year giving his shilling. Both are thought to have equally done

their duty, but unless men calculate a regular proportion of their income, as being due to charity, it will always continue to be an affair of impulse and accident, rather than of principle, and that alone will bring wealthy Christians up to the standard of Scriptural liberality. The most affluent persons often sit gravely and solemnly in their pews at church, hearing all the most powerful motives of the gospel urged on their consciences, to give liberally as unto God, and the result is —— a shilling! For charity sermons, one shilling seems generally the ne plus ultra of human exertion, and children half-price!

At the Church of St. Mary's, Woolnoth, some years ago, the congregation were startled and interested to hear, that their prayers were requested by "a young man who had succeeded to a very considerable fortune, and earnestly desired to be preserved from the snares to which it would expose him!" How true it is, too true perhaps, to need remark, that the temporal gifts of Providence are frequently used as a screen to hide Him from our thoughts,—health encourages a belief that we shall not soon be summoned into

his presence, cheerfulness degenerates into levity, talents lead to worldly ambition, and wealth becomes a means of dissipated extravagance; but we have now entered a neighbourhood, where those to whom Providence has denied all these gifts are taught to rejoice in the hope of a better and more enduring inheritance. Here the more friendless, destitute, and suffering people are, and the more to be avoided or despised by ordinary men, so much the more benevolently are they succoured and lodged at Lochalsh, while missionaries are constantly superintending the district, crossing even to Skye, to ascertain the wants of the poor, especially in respect to religious instruction, and the distribution of Bibles is on so large a scale, that some time ago, when a steam-boat was leaving Glasgow, one article in the list of cargo was, "Three tons of Bibles for Balmacarra House." That is a gift which will bring a blessing alike on him who gives, and on those who receive, while the eagerness with which they are in demand, would astonish the many who consider the Bible as an unwelcome creditor on their time, instead of rejoicing in it as the charter of their everlasting salvation.

The landlady at Kyle Hacken told us, that last year an impostor, feigning sickness, went to Balmacarra House, where he obtained lodging and attendance for three weeks, during which he received incessant kindness, and talked in the most exemplary manner. At length he thought fit to recover, and having obtained so handsome a donation, that it might have maintained him luxuriously for a year, he came to her inn, calling for so many successive draughts of whisky, that she refused at length to supply more. The simple hostess thought him supernaturally wicked, because he assumed a different accent every time she entered his parlour, and her description sounded to me very like some second-rate actor from one of the minor theatres. "Sometimes he spoke quite Irish, ma'am! then he seemed like a Frenchman; and he could have as good a Scotch tongue in his head as any one, when he liked." It was evident, at any rate, that he had represented "The Tartuffe" to some purpose, where he came from previously!

It is proved by the observation and experience of all charitably disposed persons, that

nothing received entirely gratis is adequately appreciated by the poor, whether it be education, food, medicines, clothing, or Bibles, unless they pay some nominal proportion of the value; and it was remarked of a philanthropic clergyman lately, rather indiscriminate in his charities, that he went about "with a Bible in one hand, and eighteenpence in the other, bribing the whole parish into pauperism." Certainly those only who are lost to all sense of self-respect would accept of alms, unless urged to it by hopeless necessity. Even in England, where the same feeling of laudable independence does not exist, we almost invariably find the free seats in a church comparatively empty, because none like to appear publicly as a pauper; but if the poor can be induced to begin a Provident fund for their own relief, lodging the very smallest sums at first, and gradually acquiring habits of frugality and diligence, they would themselves be astonished at the gradual result! In Leeds, last year, the poor were enabled to place in the care of their parish clergymen no less a sum than L.5000.

We crossed in a low-sided skiff, under a sky

so lowering and dark, that no storm which ever raged could have exceeded what I expected; yet it all passed away, like many other false alarms, showing what a good plan it is never to torment ourselves with the anticipation of evil, as we have always quite enough for present use without borrowing from the future. The most beautiful object we saw during our voyage from Skye to Ross-shire, was an elegant yacht which belongs to the proprietor of Lochalsh, with its white sails glittering in the sun, and spread out to catch the light breeze which carried us along over the brightly burnished ocean. Our steersman redoubled the interest with which we watched its graceful movements, by mentioning the errand on which it is daily employed. Through this charming strait ten or twenty vessels pass sometimes in a morning, going to and from Ireland, and even to America, while not one of these ships can elude the vigilance with which they are waylaid and boarded by this light skiff, carrying a missionary on board, who offers Bibles gratis to any of the crew who may be unprovided. The sailors being generally Irish, are not often very deeply versed in

the alphabet, so they are sometimes as ill off after receiving the precious gift as before, but we may hope in most instances that the promise of Scripture may be realized, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." This friendly visitation is usually received with gratitude and respect; but, on one occasion, an Irish vessel, manned with Roman Catholics, passing along under a favourable breeze, observed the yacht hailing them, and lay-to for some time, but when the object of their detention was made known, the Captain, furiously irritated, threw all the Bibles overboard. Thus most unfortunately for himself and his crew he did not exemplify the proverb of Solomon, "every man is the friend of him that giveth gifts."

During our short voyage, I had the amusement of seeing a strange vessel double the point and enter Loch Duich, when instantly the little yacht hastened out from her ambuscade in the bay, and bore down upon the new comer in gallant style. She was literally armed with Bibles, and ammunitioned with tracts; and it was curious to watch the unconscious stranger, tacking

about for some time, quite unobservant of the little missionary bark in pursuit. At one time we could have fancied a perfect race between the two vessels, both of which were beautifully manœuvred, tacking and re-tacking, beating up against the wind, and coursing along with every sail set, till at length the larger ship lay-to, and was successfully boarded by the crew of friendly assailants. How very much I should have liked to witness the scene which followed, and even our boatmen, who had watched with eager interest till the encounter took place, dropped their oars for a moment, while the interview commenced, as if they had almost hoped to overhear the dialogue, but——what has become of my pens and paper!—all vanished into thin air, and not so much ink left as will dot an *i* or stroke a *t!* This comes of approaching the entrance to a private house, therefore I must yield to necessity, and before my desk finally closes, wish you a friendly adieu.

GLEN SHEIL.

And this gay ling, with all its purple flow'rs,
A man at leisure might admire for hours;
And then how fine this herbage! Men may say
A heath is barren; nothing is so gay!

CRABBE.

My dear Cousin,—We used to be much diverted at the lady who once said, her own ideas were so fine, it perfectly vulgarized them when they were clothed in words; but I fear that this will be too much the case with my description of the scenery we passed through to-day, as the printers have forgotten to put language in the dictionary that can adequately express my admiration of Glen Sheil, a place so little frequented by tourists, that I may rest my hopes of pleasing you on that maxim of Boileau, with

which I am sure you will agree, "*Tous les epitres sont bons, pourvu qu'ils soient nouveaux.*"

Having been called at a shockingly early hour in the morning, with a sleep-no-more knock at my door, I found myself, not long afterwards, seated in a little dot of a boat, proceeding up Lochalsh and Loch Duich with a favourable breeze, yet so light, that, to assist the rowers, we hoisted our umbrellas for sails. Along these romantic shores, shut in by green mountains of every shape and shade, we were surprised to observe that almost every building in sight was either a church or a manse, but where the congregations were burrowing we could not discover. In the course of an hour we must have seen the habitations of a whole presbytery, and we passed one of the prettiest pleasure-boats I ever saw, belonging to a minister of Kintail, careering across the bay at full speed, its white sails gracefully dipping almost into the tide.

One of the hills we saw, named Ratachan, carries a zig-zag road over its very summit, measuring altogether some miles. For travelling round this with a carriage, it would be de-

sirable to yoke in a pair of goats rather than horses. An Englishman, who drove his carriage over this almost impassable track some time ago, took off his hat after the horses had safely scrambled to the top, saying, with a low bow, "Farewell, Mr. Ratachan, may I never see your face again!"

At the foot of this ladder-like road we passed Ratachan House, which, having been sold by Lord Seaforth, became the property of a lowlander, Mr. Dick. The Macraes, enthusiastically attached to their hereditary feudal chief, considered the new laird an interloper, but might have become resigned to the change, had he not been convicted of calling them "barbarians!" Provoked at this affront, they treated the stranger as nursery-maids treat fretful children, giving them "something to cry for." The clan Macrae rose in numbers, threw his sheep over the precipices, fired in at his windows, and committed so many outrages, as almost to justify all he had said, till at length the unfortunate landed proprietor hastily departed.

Our boatmen landed us in safety at a little inn, near the head of Glen Sheil, and departed,

after which, to our consternation, we discovered that A—— had been misinformed as to the facilities of transport, as no conveyance of any description could be had,—not so much as a bathing-machine or a wheel-barrow,—and we had thirty-six miles to go! The old proverb says, that "misfortunes come on horseback, but go away on foot;" and we seemed at any rate destined to walk off in company with ours, as we stood helplessly stranded on the shore, ready, like Richard the Third, to give our kingdom for a horse, but in vain. I had never yet tried the Irishman's plan, who rode out every day, but always forgot his horse; and I began to wonder how Jeanie Deans progressed during her long promenade to London. Certainly, in so remote and unprovided a place, it would be but fair to display a ticket on the pier, saying, "No thoroughfare this way!"

"It is a long lane that has no turning," and, in the very depths of our perplexity, affairs unexpectedly took a brighter aspect. For the rest of my life I shall always speak more respectfully than hitherto of that necessary evil, a letter of introduction, as we had fortunately

been provided with one from Mr. Cameron, the Provost of Dingwall, to Captain Macrae, a resident gentleman in the neighbourhood. On hearing of our predicament, he not only insisted on lending us his gig, with a servant riding behind, to bring it back, but he also made a point of our taking luncheon with him before setting out. Our trunks having proved too heavy for the carriage, Mr. Linton, an extensive farmer in the district, most obligingly volunteered his own services to convey them, and thus, before an hour had elapsed, we were in full progress with a procession of two borrowed gigs and an out-rider, through the splendid mountains of Glen Sheil. During Thurtell's trial, one of the witnesses, who bore testimony to his respectability, being asked what was meant by "respectable," confidently replied, "He keeps his gig, Sir!" but we looked more than respectable now, with a perfect train of them, and the road is so excellent, it really deserves a mail coach. All around was rugged, solitary, and silent, while the mountains were like a perpendicular wall on every side, or a long range of sugar-loaves, varied by a nume-

rous and valuable assortment of rocks and heather.

A—— passed this way several years ago, and thinks the hills not at all grown since then, while the fir forests are considerably thinned, which makes a lamentable alteration; and the aboriginal inhabitants, who all bore the name of Macrae, are beginning to be mingled with settlers from other clans. Mr. Linton related, that, about twenty years ago, he was the first stranger who ventured to "squat" in this glen, and so violent were the Macraes for non-intrusion, that he underwent a siege in his own farm-house, till a military escort was sent, for the protection of his sheep, his wife, and himself, after which, at last, his own conciliatory measures succeeded in pacifying them; but he ended his narrative with remarking, "It was lucky for us that the Highlanders had fought all their battles before our time. There are places here where the king's troops set a' the trees and heather in *a low*."

The Cheviot sheep are too heavy for those steep mountains, and Mr. Linton mentioned an almost incredible number that he had lost, by

their toppling over precipices. The Macraes were a numerous clan, but tributary to the Mackenzies, and went by the name of "Seaforth's shirt," being always nearest to that chieftain in battle. Here the two united clans fought their last against the English, in 1719, when the banished Earl of Seaforth summoned his adherents around him, and was dangerously wounded in the conflict. A Dutch colonel was, on that occasion, killed by the Highland troops, and his grave was pointed out to us on a hill near the river, covered with tufts of nettles, a suitable ornament, with which the soil has decorated an enemy's tomb. Not far off, a deep pool is shown, called "The battle lynn," where a large deposit of battle-axes and weapons was recently found, fit for nothing now but the Antiquarian Museum.

Notwithstanding frequent showers, A—— made a full stop every now and then, as much at leisure as if the day had been a perfect paragon, while we admired and criticised the changing panorama around. On some hills the light drooping foliage of the birch, hanging in draperies to the very ground, contrasted with the tall, stiff, dark-looking fir-trees, gave me completely

the idea of several graceful ladies, courtseying down the hill, in company with a numerous party of gentlemen? Now, I piqué myself on that comparison, so you must positively not ridicule it!

We rested that night at the little inn of Cluny, where on all the plates at dinner, these words were inscribed, "Life is short, so spend it well." Certainly no one will spend more of it than they can help here, as the very necessaries of life are luxuries unattainable on any terms: my bed was a mere hole in the wall, our dinner consisted of real buttered eggs, with very salt ham, and we had not even the consolation of being angry at their many deficiencies, as the poor people were so perfectly civil and well-meaning, that they evidently did their little best, and almost slammed the door off its hinges with *empressement*, in flying to obey our most trifling order. I pity above everything, those persons who lead a life of continual care about their own comforts; the occasional want of them, is certainly a most salutary admonition to contentment in general, and I should like much to ascertain the exact amount of convenience promised in an advertisement, which appeared in the newspaper lately,

of a shooting quarter, where gentlemen might "rough it with comfort." Undoubtedly that was not our happy lot, either at Cluny, or when, after a drive of many miles down the glen, through natural forests which top the highest hills, we arrived next morning before breakfast at Invermorriston, where a change of administration was taking place at the inn, and the old landlord, in the process of transferring his furniture to a successor, had heaped every article miscellaneously together at the door, for inspection. Nothing is done in the Highlands without an accompaniment of whisky, the flavour of which pervaded every corner of the house so powerfully, that any Tee-totaller would have committed a breach of his oath, by merely inhaling the air, while the waiter had no time to wait, the maid was as useless and sulky as an American help, and the horses were all absent on perpetual leave. In our extremity A—— went to consult that important functionary, the factor of Glenmoriston, a Mr. Sinclair, who had arrived to instal the new landlord, and he came to our parlour full of civil regret, but reiterating the most positive assurance, that our case was without remedy,

as the horses were all "sorry that a previous engagement prevented them from having the honour of waiting on us." He really looked as anxious and distressed as the cashier of a bank when there is a run upon it, and seemed willing to do as much as was possible, and rather more, in our behalf, but in vain. The mail-gig to Inverness, which runs three times a-week, was, of course, going the wrong way for us that morning, and unless we could have got a press-gang to assist us, none of the boatmen seemed inclined to row up any part of Loch Ness. Seeing that nothing could be done, I sat down in despair to eat a hearty breakfast, and to form myself into a committee of ways and means, while the factor, who seemed of a sociable turn, hovered about the table, and fell into conversation. Strangers must be rather scarce commodities in this neighbourhood, where no facility is afforded for coming or going, and in the course of a long dialogue, the important fact came out, that A—— was of Mr. Sinclair's own clan, and brother to the M.P. for Caithness. The consequence was quite magical! Our friend had been at Thurso Castle, knew everything, and everybody there, was de-

lighted to meet us, ordered up a glass of whisky, drank our healths, and placed forthwith both a gig and a pleasure-boat at our immediate disposal! I was perfectly bewildered at my own good fortune! Cinderella's god-mother was nothing to this! Conveyances by land or water had sprung up around us like mushrooms, and I felt now, as if a whole stand of hackney coaches were waiting at the door.

Being anxious to give the very least possible quantity of trouble, we preferred the boat, especially seeing so very fine a day, that Loch Ness was likely to prove smoother than the best Macadamised road. Mr. Sinclair escorted us to the quay, across a daisied meadow of such delicious looking pasture, that any one might have eaten it with pleasure, and we proceeded through a shady glen decorated with birch and hazel, where the birds were all gossiping around, and the river audibly trickling over its pebbly bed. Here we saw a famous salmon leap, in which the fish spring up seven or eight feet, but never clear the full height, while they exhaust their powers in vain endeavours, like so many others who wish to rise in the world, and attempt too much.

Who could have anticipated, that the invention of rail-ways would prostrate many of our finest Highland forests! but so it is! all innovations in this world produce unexpected results in quarters where they could not have been anticipated, and many of the most beautiful hills in this neighbourhood will soon be "all shaven and shorn," owing to the high price given for fir and larch trees, to act as sleepers on the rail-ways. Every Highland proprietor now, seems, one way or other, to get L.10,000 for his forests, whatever state they be in! Mr. Grant of Glenmoriston has lately sold L.10,000 worth of standing wood to an English Company, whose saw-mills are visible on the mountain sides in full action, and nothing can be more curious than to superintend their operations. The trunk of a tree can be split into planks, during, as Lord Duberly would say, "the twinkling of a bed-post." It is laid on the block entire, emits a sound exactly resembling a long, loud, shrill scream, and falls into slices before your eyes.

On the outskirts of almost every great forest in the north, several of those odious machines may be observed, conspicuous from the fresh deal

boards of which they are built, and prepared to guillotine all our unoffending trees. Alas! for Braemar! Strathglass! the Drhuim! and Culloden! we are paying a P. P. C. visit to the falling forests of Scotland, and if everybody cuts, while nobody plants, the consequences are obvious. As the Highland Society presents a prize annually to the proprietor who raises the greatest number of trees in that year, I wish they would offer another to the one who cuts down fewest. We are told it is provided in the entail of Rothiemarchus, that, for every tree which is levelled, two must be planted, and I wish all Highland lairds would do the same, and remember the advice of Dumbiedykes, "Aye be sticking in a tree,—it will be growing while you are sleeping." Substitutes have been provided on the estate of Glenmoriston, merely by enclosing large tracts of land, which all produce birch, fir, and hazel, as naturally as heather, but this fencing system is seldom done on so liberal a scale, elsewhere, because trees interfere with sheep, the true grandees of the Highlands, more illustrious there than either forests or tenantry. They are the black-legs of Scotland,

fleecing the poor people out of their homes and livelihoods, while they strip the hills and groves perfectly bare. I wish we could have mutton without sheep! Every peat-bog here exhibits one mass of roots and fibres, showing that the Highlands once needed "clearing" as much as America.

After stepping into our welcome conveyance, a pretty little skiff, rowed by two fine-looking Lochaber men, we glided up Loch Ness, the smooth surface of which was so like a sheet of glass, that every time the oars dipped, they seemed to break a valuable mirror. The hills displayed one richly-tinted mass of birch, oak, and alder, enlivened by the gay mountain-ash and hawthorn, all so closely crowded, that you could scarcely have stuck in another leaf, and the whole magnificent scene was reflected upside down in the water so distinctly, that we could scarcely tell the substance from the shadow. This effect was most amusing, as the high road skirted along the water side for many miles, while far down in the crystal tide we saw a repetition of every traveller, woodcutter, cart or carriage,—no!—there were no carriages,—but

abundance of cattle and horses. For the first time in my life I now saw in the water, exactly what we used, as children to suppose the antipodes would appear, with a sky far beneath, while men, trees, and animals were perfectly at ease, with their heads downwards, and their feet supernaturally adhering to the earth. The appearance of amazing depth, occasioned by seeing the clouds reflected so far below us, had a sublime effect.

In the very midst of our prosperous voyage, we had an accident! One great fault in letters is, that you cannot work up the interest to any breathless degree, because the writer must, in all probability, have survived, which we fortunately did, but one of the oars suddenly snapped in two, and threw the boatman on his face. We instantly paddled towards the nearest landing place, which turned out to be near an alehouse, where the tavern-keeper was exceedingly civil in making us welcome to the best ear he had. Upon this, the rowers modestly suggested that, on so hot a day, after their severe labour, and the unexpected accident, it would be extremely acceptable if A—— would order, for the

good of the house, "a taste of whisky." If the whole Temperance Society had been on board our little skiff they must have consented, and a moderate supply was instantly produced. Highlanders seem all to think they should be preserved in spirits; but A——, to avoid all danger of excess, threw a considerable proportion into the Loch, gravely remarking, that it would bring us "luck!" Our friends would evidently have preferred the whisky to the luck, but divided all that remained, drank our healths, and proceeded with renewed energy. We soon afterwards landed near the old remnant of Urquhart Castle, once a Royal fortress, and now belonging to the Grants of Grant. A few tattered fragments yet rise above the lofty rock on which they were reared, looking like chimneys, and as if the precipice were the castle. Here sieges and massacres took place in the stirring times of Edward the First, when, like a bull in a china shop, the English had it all their own way, and broke down so many of our fortresses, though Scotland at last proved herself unconquerable.

After going one mile inland, we discovered a peculiarly comfortable, praise-worthy inn at

Drumnadrochit. The name puts my spelling to a severe test! It is doing the public a service to encourage so well kept an establishment; therefore, instead of pushing on by forced marches upon Inverness, we subsided into our arm-chairs, for the good of the house, and talked over our adventurous escape from Skye and its vicinity. The paragon of landladies had prepared an excellent dinner, on the chance of any travellers wanting it, and sent us up, on the very shortest imaginable notice, a roast joint, the only fresh pastry I almost ever saw in travelling,—for you would fancy, at inns in general, that the tarts were all bought second-hand,—and the most elaborately fanciful dish of potatoes I ever saw, being tastefully turned out, like a shape of blanc-mange, with a pattern of grapes and vine leaves on the top, which might have done for a marble chimney-piece. So curiously decorated a style is not always the safest in a kitchen, if one only knew the worst; and I remember once hearing of an officer in Ireland, who was partaking of some ingeniously contrived eggs, the outside being of blanc-mange and the inside of jelly, when an

old lady remarked, how glad she was she liked them, as it had been her employment all that day "to blow out the yolks, and to blow in the blanc-mange!"

I have been informed that Mr. Elphinstone, who knows the whole round world by sight, once pronounced Glen Urquhart and Strathglass to be the most beautiful landscapes he had ever seen, which will save me the trouble of going to India, or the antipodes; but, in the meantime, we delayed not an hour this evening to enjoy a drive through the romantic beauties of Glen Urquhart, in a little double-seated phaeton, drawn by a fine Arabian-looking grey horse, which might have trotted for a wager. I discovered unexpectedly during our progress that a morsel of South Wales has certainly been, some how or other, shuffled in here! The rich meadows, the sloping green banks, the luxuriant wood, the wilderness of sweet briars, the neat cottages, and the profusion of tasteful villas, are all quite Welsh. A lake, like a sea of liquid light, at the top of this glen, is as closely beset with ornamental mansions and cottages as either Hampstead Heath or Wimbledon Com-

mon, and nearly all seem tenanted by Grants, who are very fortunate people to have got so delightful a "location." An extraordinary profusion of roses in all the hedges and fields gave a full-dressed look to the country, as if it were hung with garlands for a fête. The tall pyramids of fox-glove seemed too splendid for encountering the dust of a high-road, and, altogether, nature here had made herself quite extravagantly fine. Several of the hills wore on their shoulders gold epaulettes of whin and yellow broom, while others were clothed with gloomy masses of fir. If you wish to make a very beautiful table or cabinet for your boudoir, no wood looks half so well as the broom, which may be had here five or six inches in diameter, and beautifully striped in light and dark shades, like ivory and ebony. This was an idea, long ago, of your friend Lady ——'s, but no one else ever tried it, and the most ingenious things require to be recommended, for, as the proverb truly says, "The tongue of the fool is often requisite to the inventions of the wise."

> More might be said hereof to make a proof,
> Yet more to say were more than is enough.

FALL OF FOYERS.

"Time and I against any two."
SPANISH PROVERB.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Nobody can say now that I have not seen the Fall of Foyers! This morning we stood below and above the cascade, took it in profile and in full face, weighed, measured, criticised, admired, and, in short, did everything but swallow it. You would perhaps have been tempted to re-echo the exclamation of Wilson the artist, on his first arrival here, "well done, water!" but I begin to suspect that my Highland second-sight has at some time or other favoured me with a vision of Niagara, as nothing short of that seems ever likely to satisfy my craving for water; and I must venture

to disclose, in the strictest confidence, that my first sensation was disappointment! We have often remarked, that children never will appear to advantage when most wished to do so; and it is the same with cascades, which always happen to be particularly quiet and stupid when any one goes to see them. Instead of the sublime, I saw only the beautiful; but certainly the scenery around is worth coming all the distance to enjoy, being more like a poet's dream than a reality,—the rough rocky foreground, the park of Foyers behind, bright and sunny, as if it had been washed over with gamboge; the charming glimpses of the lake, surrounded by richly clothed banks, and the dark sterile mountains beyond. The cascade falls 212 feet, shrieking and roaring among rocks all sheathed in glittering foam, and ends in a deep pool, which looked blacker than the ink I am writing with. One curious rock is there, formed by nature into a colossal head, up to the chin in water, as if a giant were drowning. The eyes and nose are quite perfect, and I pointed him out to the guide, who agreed that he seemed almost alive, but he is only visible when the

stream falls very low. To-day, instead of rushing over the higher points, it was merely decanted through a narrow gorge, like the neck of a large bottle, with rocks closing over the top. A long narrow point of rock, like a lofty wall, with a giddy precipice on both sides, and the tumultuous water beneath, is considered the best place from whence to see the fall, if you do not fall yourself, and, when standing on its utmost verge, we could form a perfect conception how the Buccaneers formerly put prisoners to death by making them "walk the plank."

Near this we met a poor beggar, who showed us the certificate of a magistrate, that he had permission to beg, having once unfortunately ventured a step too far and fallen over. His thigh was dislocated, and he lay all night on a rock, perfectly helpless, till accidentally discovered by a shepherd's dog. It is curious that those wonderfully sagacious animals have, in some degree, the instinct belonging to every various species of their kind; and this creature, acting as any dog of St. Bernard's would have done, ran instantly for his master, who came,

expecting to find one of his own sheep in distress, and rescued the miserable sufferer. We gave him a trifle, and I was amused to see the guide immediately afterwards ask our petitioner for some tobacco, of which, in spite of his poverty, he produced a plentiful supply, and shared it liberally with his friend.

If the fall of Foyers were mine, I should certainly make a better path for travellers, as the toilsome ascent is through a sea of mud, but we felt rewarded, if the scramble had been twice as long, and ten times as dirty. Several fields we saw here were almost at right angles with the ocean, and on the summit of a lofty mountain, called Mealfourvonie, the guide assured us that there is a well of water so unfathomably deep, the bottom has never yet been found, but he added, that "it pierces through the whole hill, and any one throwing in a stick or a stone, if he has luck, may find it afterwards floating on Loch Ness." I should be sorry if my luck in life depended on believing this.

Crossing Loch Ness on our return from Foyers, we encountered more sea than in all the other Highland ferries united, and if an accident had

occurred here, it would have been a very paltry and pitiful termination to our adventures. I should have been as much mortified and surprised, as the soldier killed some time ago on the Portobello sands, who said it was hard to end his life at a mere review, after escaping the dangers of Waterloo. The water of Foyers, being evidently of a tumultuous disposition, does not recover its equanimity in Loch Ness, which is never known to be frozen in winter, and to-day our little boat hopped along on the waves with terrifying agility, while the boatman politely apologised for its being so old and ricketty, assuring me that he expected a new one next day, though that certainly did not avail us much at the moment, when I expected every instant that we should be, to use a Scotch expression, "whummelled." This little skiff is rowed in general by a Highland girl, but the ferrywoman was absent, which I regretted, as she is said to pull better than any man. You would be amused to see what useful people women are in the far north. They drive the carts, hold the ploughs, in short, do all the *manual* labour, and if a cottager loses his horse or ox, or any other beast of

burden, he marries a wife to make up the difference.

Our drive from Drumnadrochit to Inverness, fifteen miles, partly along the edge of Loch Ness, combined all English, Welsh, and Highland beauty, and though we are becoming fastidious about scenery, after seeing so much of the best, this appeared almost beyond criticism. The usual difficulty occurs, however, on some of the mountains, to group the plantations becomingly, and to-day we observed three of the hills with perfectly round clumps on their summits, cut so exactly circular, that you would imagine they had been cropped with a basin over their heads.

In our way we passed Dochfour, belonging to Mr. Baillie. It has a charming park to boast of, a beautiful lake, and abundance of venerable trees, which formerly made a narrow escape of their lives, a ci-devant proprietor having condemned them all to the axe, but when advertised for sale, an obliging friend of the next heir clandestinely purchased the whole lot, and asked the laird if they might be allowed, as a favour, to grow till wanted. This uncommon proposal excited no suspicion, and the old

gentleman, when shewing his grounds, often mentioned as a good story against the purchaser, that he had got not only the price, but the benefit of the trees, which had obtained so long a reprieve, they might perhaps be allowed "to see him out," which accordingly they did, for his monument may now be conspicuously seen from the road, shaded by their far-spreading boughs.

How unpleasant the final show off is, made by drivers and horses on entering a town! Their whole speed is reserved for the narrowest lanes, ill-causewayed, and perfectly paved with children, flocks of whom may be seen flying in all directions, at our approach, like a covey of partridges after a shot has been fired. We tilted over the streets and bridges of Inverness, at full career, grazing against carriages and people, while the horse became more and more excited, till at last with a rapid swing we turned a sharp corner, and wheeled up to the hotel, stopping with a crash as sudden as if a portcullis had fallen before us.

An English gentleman once asked in company, with a bewildered look, "Pray! can any

one tell me, whether Edinburgh is north of Inverness, or Inverness north of Edinburgh?" Having practically studied this obscure question, I can now testify to the truth of our commonly received opinions on their geographical position; and those who travel one hundred and fifty miles nearer the pole, will find this Highland metropolis well worth exploring. The situation is magnificent, the inns and county jail first-rate, the harbour excellent; in short I could write you a letter as dry and uninteresting as a stone-dike about this venerable city, but towns never describe well, and the larger they are, the more hopelessly tiresome the description becomes. After all, what does it signify to you and me, how the people of Inverness are lodged, provided they be pleased themselves? Some streets are broad, others are narrow; some of the churches have towers, and others have none; the river has a bridge, the castle has nearly disappeared, the jail has a magnificent steeple, and the new county rooms, built of bright scarlet stone, dazzle our sight, so that we must shade our eyes to look at them!

During a rainy Sunday at Inverness, we at-

tended divine service at a small chapel. Within a church on the opposite side of the street, a preacher was holding forth at the same time, in tones so extremely vehement, that even when we sat in the pew of a different building, with a broad street between, it was perfectly startling to hear his noisy vociferations. You would have supposed that some violent demagogue was angrily inciting a mob to insurrection, rather than a minister of the gospel promulgating the solemn and affecting doctrines of Christianity; and I could not but think, that, while no teacher ever said more awful truths than our Divine Saviour himself, yet in his tenderness and commiseration for the very worst of sinners, he probably preached very differently, seeking with all meekness and dignity to produce

> Faith's calm triumph, reason's steady sway,
> Not the brief lightning, but the perfect day.

If pulpit oratory were intended to inculcate merely one great effort,—to produce only a short lucid interval from the mental derangement of worldliness,—or if such a sacrifice were necessary, as that of the deluded Hindoos, who

cast themselves under the car of Juggernaut. such excitement might draw out a corresponding impulse; but for inspiring solemn truths, deep feelings, and steady principles, far more permanent impressions are likely to be made by an impressive tone of heartfelt conviction,—not by the flaming countenance and angry gesticulations of a special pleader, but by earnest, solemn, and energetic admonitions, like those of a parent or brother, who comes as an ambassador of Christ, to teach and encourage the many who are struggling through a stormy tide of worldly cares and temptations, and whose own spirit is filled with love to God, and charity to all men.

Nothing convinced me more, how important it is to preserve a tone of dignified calmness on sacred subjects, than to hear that once, when a petition from the General Assembly of Scotland on Church politics was received with grave attention by the House of Lords, it was ended by some tremendously vehement language, and when a final period came, the astonished Peers burst into a simultaneous peal of laughter, on hearing that it was "Signed by THE MODERATOR!"

CAWDOR CASTLE.

Faster come! faster come!
Faster and faster!

PYROCH.

My dear Cousin,—You need no longer ask me where I have been, but where I have not been, for we are flying so incessantly from place to place, that I even sleep in a hurry, and grudge myself time to snatch a morsel of dinner; but as it used to be said of the celebrated Lord Cullen, that if he dipped into a book for two minutes, he could talk about it for two years, you will think my way of dipping into a country is on a somewhat similar scale of proportion.

We passed near Culloden moor to-day, and

saw the dreary scene where Scotland's lance was shivered, where her shield was broken, her banner of pride laid low, and where "the red eye of battle was shut in despair." Some miles beyond stands Cawdor Castle, about six centuries old, but with a roof still over its head, and surrounded by trees, which even Dr. Johnson condescended to notice with respect. "Hail, thane of Cawdor! This castle hath a pleasant seat!" It is, moreover, garrisoned by a civil courtesying housekeeper, who paraded us about from one odd-looking room to another, apologizing for the very thing which most delighted me, the rude uncivilized aspect of the whole place and furniture. I would have been disgusted by the sight of a modern luxury or comfort in such a scene, but every thing remains in the raw unfledged state of old times. No spring cushions, ottomans, footstools, or other unnecessary necessaries of modern life, but here the strait stiff chairs are great-grandfathers to any you ever sat in elsewhere; the door is of solid iron, the wainscoats are as unconscious of paint as when they came from the forest, and the entrance is through a portcullis and over a draw-bridge rattling on

its chains, quite ready to repel an invasion. This primitive state of affairs is more attractive to visitors than to the owners, except in its present capacity of shooting box, and Cawdor Castle is now almost entirely deserted for Stackpole Court and Golden Grove, its more trimmed and decorated rivals in Wales. Golden Grove, with its richly poetical name, affords a singular exception to the nationality of the Welsh, as it was bequeathed by a primitive recluse named Vaughan, to the only Scotch gentleman probably possessing property in Wales. Pluralities in estates, as well as in livings, are not advantageous, and I sometimes wish for an act of Parliament, making it criminal, like polygamy, to keep two estates, so that those who inherit as many, shall relinquish the one they like least to their nearest of kin, provided he settle there for life.

The vaulted kitchen at Cawdor Castle is excavated in solid rock, so that the cook lives like a toad in a stone, and the scullery is on a similar plan, with a low arched roof, looking quite like a natural cave. How many millions of dinners have been cooked in that grate, since the time

when oxen were roasted whole, to the present day, when they appear in fancy dress, and assume French names!

We were shown a large iron box which the ancestor of Lord Cawdor received when this castle was about to be built. The casket is now empty, but was then filled with gold, destined to pay the whole expense of building, on the express condition that this treasure should be placed on a donkey's back, when the animal was to be turned loose, with a few strokes of the whip, and at the first place where he afterwards stood still, the foundation must immediately be laid. Many houses are so ill situated, one might imagine that nothing wiser than a donkey had fixed on the site, but this long-eared architect excelled most "capability men." He paused near the river, beside a very fine thorn tree, and one of the rooms has been built round the stem, which yet stands bare and rugged, within the apartment, its root on the floor, and its head piercing the ceiling. This has a singular effect, as if it had forced a way through the roof; and if tradition speak the truth, this aged block of wood must now be at least six hundred years of

age, coeval with the time of Macbeth, when the thane of Cawdor was "a prosperous gentleman."

In the external wall of Cawdor Castle, about half way from the summit, a thriving, full-grown gooseberry bush has contrived to take root, though we could not but wonder where it found any nourishment or support! It clings to the interstices of a solid stone wall, nine feet thick, and there produces an ample crop of gooseberries, the most genuine wall-fruit I have seen, which might have been gathered if we could have made a long arm, to reach about ten feet down from the nearest window. Baron Munchausen's cherry tree growing on a stag's head was not much more surprising.

In this delightful old castle we were shown King Duncan's chain armour. There are four houses in Scotland where that monarch was undoubtedly murdered; Glammis Castle, a blacksmith's hut near Forres, Inverness Castle, now superseded by the Jail, and Cawdor Castle, which appears to me the most appropriate scene for the occasion, being quite a ready-made tragedy in itself. I walked slowly up the very

steps which Lady Macbeth ascended, trying to feel as like Mrs. Siddons as possible, but if A—— had treated us to one of Kean's very best starts in Macbeth, he would have precipitated the whole party to the bottom of a steep spiral staircase. We reached, at length, a most ominous looking door, very low, and creaking on the hinges with a most unearthly sound, which opened into the fatal apartment where there is a vaulted stone roof. I was wound up now, to behold a scene quite *à la* Shakespeare, but, alas! a sad disappointment awaited us! all within was freshly clean, and new, exhibiting not so much as a grain of dust, or a stain of blood, and we were informed that an accident had destroyed every relic of antiquity. In the chimney of this old room, a colony of jack-daws established their nests, which took fire one night, when King Duncan's bed perished, and the whole proofs of the murder were destroyed. Another bed which we were shown in this house might have been substituted, as it was the most dismal piece of furniture I ever beheld, with plumes of black feathers at every corner, silver ornaments and velvet hangings, so that if mounted on wheels

like a hearse, it would have been quite fit for the undertaker.

You may trace out half the history of Scotland in this entertaining old castle! I wish we had four pairs of eyes at least to look about us with! We were next ushered into a crevice, which can scarcely be dignified with the name of a closet, where old Lord Lovat, at the age of eighty, remained in concealment during six weeks after escaping from the battle of Culloden. If we ever have to flee for our lives, I could not desire a better hiding-place, for though the English troops had certain information that the aged peer was confined in this very house, they never succeeded in discovering him! The entrance is most curious and complicated, for I stood on the leads close beside the place without detecting a nook in which so much as his wig could have been harboured. A sort of supplementary elevation, like a chimney, rose above the roof, by placing a ladder against which we scrambled to a narrow platform and there saw a nearly invisible door, scarcely wider than the entrance to a dog kennel. After

creeping with difficulty into this aperture, we found an apartment under a pent roof, twice the size of a bathing machine, where Lord Lovat remained, day after day, and week after week, almost within sight of his own magnificent estates. A very few miles off were the trees on which he formerly hanged so many of his own retainers, the halls in which he once executed tyrannical sway, and the house in which both his amiable, high-born wives successively wore out their miserable existences, in a species of rigid imprisonment. Early in life, he erected a marble tablet in the parish church, bearing a splendid panegyric on himself, and when his friend Sir Robert Monro remonstrated on the absurdity of this "romantic stuff," he said that his clan must believe whatever he told them. I wonder he did not leave an equally imaginary portrait of his countenance, rather than trust Hogarth's pencil, who found the temptation to caricature quite irresistible, and threatened, when Lord Lovat refused to pay for his picture, that he would "add a tail, and sell it for the frontispiece of a menagerie." It is surprising

he did not burn the painting at last, but he stands recorded, at his own request,

To future times a libel and a jest.

Had Lord Lovat been staunch to either side, our sympathy would have been greater, but a prospective patent, creating him Duke of Fraser, nailed the weathercock of his opinions; and such patents are often the best remedy for the hot and cold fits of a politician, who "foams a patriot to subside a peer."

We gazed over the wall, upwards of sixty feet high, where Lord Lovat, wrapped in blankets, was let down by ropes, at last, to make his escape; and I became perfectly giddy when fancying the poor old peer, accustomed to his easy chair by the fireside, and his newspaper, thus launched into the air, like a spider on a thread, and swinging about in the wind.

All true Highlanders must lament, that a Fraser, one of the clan, incurred the disgrace of betraying his chief, who was traced to a large tree on his own property, and yielded himself up, saying, "It is not your cleverness that has caught me now, but fourscore and four."

When death became inevitable he encountered it with extraordinary hardihood; and the fall of a scaffold having killed several spectators, at the very moment of his execution, he turned round, saying, "Aye! the mair mischief the better sport!"

The ancestors at Cawdor Castle evidently did not sit to the best artists. They seem to have worn armour and full-bottomed wigs like other people, and though we could not quite distinguish the ladies from the gentlemen, they all have the usual allowance of eyes and noses, yet, in respect to their beauty, least said is perhaps soonest mended, but some of them were most ineffable looking. In ancient times, heiresses were obliged occasionally to make very unexpected journeys; and here Muriella Calder, who inherited Calder, now Cawdor Castle, was carried off in 1510, without being much consulted on the subject, by the Campbells, and married to the Earl of Argyle's second son. His coat-of-arms and initials are placed over the entrance, and magnificently emblazoned also on a curious antique chimney-piece. A more recent transaction of this kind did not end quite

so well. A brother of the first Duke of Argyll carried off an English heiress, Miss Wharton, but the marriage was immediately dissolved. The culprit himself escaped any severer penalty, but Sir John Johnston, who had assisted in the frolic, was hanged.

One ancestor, wearing a Nova Scotia ribbon, whose portrait was introduced to us, seems to have been a perfect Sampson. An iron gate is shown, with bars fit for Newgate, which tradition assures us, upon its veracity, that this gentleman carried on his back fifteen miles! The worthy housekeeper believes with all her might, as in duty bound, but I should like to have seen it done. .

One room here is hung entirely round with tapestry about two hundred years old, said to be the work of Lady Henrietta Stewart's own individual needle, but she could as easily have carried the iron gate, as manufactured all we saw, in which she was of course assisted by a phalanx of maids. The wall behind these hangings is not even plastered, but this fine old tapestry grates against a rough stone wall, being hung up, as children wear their pinafores, to conceal

defects; and now, having explored as carefully, from the kitchen to the sky-lights, as if the house were to be let furnished, "seen Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays," we took leave of our worthy old cicerone with the customary ceremony, as housekeepers must all have their hands crossed with silver or gold, like gypsies, which I would much rather do to hear stories of the past, than prophecies of the future.

On our way home we drove through the charming grounds of Kilravock, a place which has been possessed these 700 years by a succession, from father to son, of upwards of twenty proprietors, who, with one exception, were all named "Hugh Rose," or, according to the ancient spelling, Roos, which sounds more distinguished than the mere cottage designation of a short-lived flower. At Kilravock the lawn is cut into beds of brilliant shrubs, enclosed by picturesque palings of rough stakes, interspersed with creepers, while some of the plants are growing in baskets raised five feet from the ground, for the benefit of loungers too lazy to stoop when they pick a nosegay.

We wished to examine the old square tower

of Kilravock, which seems cast in the same mould as that of Cawdor Castle, and belonged to a family of still greater importance, who were Barons; for though Shakespeare has magnified the importance of the Thane of Cawdor, and gives the *pas* to Thanes, that is quite a mistake in respect both to the importance and the precedency of the title. When we requested admittance to an old hall hung with ancient armour, the powdered footman looked as much astonished and perplexed, as if we had asked to see a residence in Portman Square or St. James' Street, and protested there was actually nothing to see. Though the tower looked as high, grand, and dismal as that in Blue-Beard's Castle, from which "Anne, sister Anne," could see nobody coming, yet, upon his credible testimony, we unwillingly gave up the point, and threw Kilravock to the winds, "but, if the winds won't have it, to the waves," rather grudging the time and trouble wasted on a vain attempt. I should like to occupy my moments as conscientiously as the celebrated Wesley, who never allowed himself to pass a minute unemployed, and when detained once at a door for ten mi-

nutes, as we were at Kilravock, was heard to exclaim, in a tone of regret, "I have lost ten minutes for ever!"

Moment by moment, years are past,
And one ere long will be our last.

STRATHGLASS.

As I walk'd by myself,
I talk'd to myself,
And thus myself said to me.

My dear Cousin,—If you value us, as Desdemona did her lover, by the dangers we have passed, I flatter myself we shall increase in your estimation daily during our Highland adventures. At all events, neither you nor I, while we both live, can ever be in the disconsolate state of a lady, who once complained she was so little cared for in the world, that if it were the fashion to burn her, she had scarcely a friend on earth who could refrain from throwing in a faggot!

This morning we made a flight through the

birch-clad glen of Strathglass to take a glimpse of Erchless Castle, belonging to the descendants of that old chief who said there were but three persons in the world entitled to be called "The," —the King, the Pope, and the Chisholm.

This place is beauty personified, and you would fall in love with it at first sight. The Castle is a venerable white-washed old tower, so entirely surrounded by a wreath of hills, that the glen seems scooped out on purpose to hold the house and park. Here all was verdant and bright, like the happy valley of Rasselas, and you might have imagined for a moment that nothing but joy and peace could be there; yet our minds were filled with the sad remembrance, how recently the young, talented, and singularly amiable proprietor had sunk into the grave, deeply and deservedly lamented by his family, his tenantry, and the county he represented.

We proceeded, with respectful sympathy, to visit a romantic spot in which the Chisholm desired to be buried, and to which his remains were conducted by so great a concourse of friends and clansmen, that the procession, in

close phalanx, covered two miles along the high-road. The grave is placed on the summit of a high conical hill, like a Druid's cairn, surrounded by massy old fir-trees; and one fresh young larch stands conspicuously in advance, which he planted himself, and beside which, in the near prospect of death, he frequently sat for hours, reading those promises of eternity which reconciled him to the early termination of his fleeting moments on earth.

"That life is long, which answers life's great end."

A paling of rough stakes encloses the sacred spot where he is laid, a large green turf, like an emerald, covers the tomb, and a small rustic seat, the only ornament of the place, stands at the foot of the grave.

Besides building many farm-houses and cottages, the Chisholm raised a church on the estate, entirely at his own expense; and our guide informed us, that the editor of the Inverness Herald frequently preached there, and gave an excellent sermon, though I should fancy it must have been difficult for him to resist an occasional touch on politics, and substitut-

ing a leading article for one head of his discourse. Lord Lovat built an opposition Roman Catholic Chapel on the other side of Strathglass; and, in considering the zeal of both parties, and the rapid progress of popery in this neighbourhood, I could not but think how soon our own Protestant countrymen may be circumstanced like those of former days in the valleys of Switzerland. A tone of false "liberality" is now in fashion respecting religious faith and doctrine, but the time may not be distant, when every true Christian must cling to his creed with tenacious firmness, remembering that our Saviour's own admonition was, to be "first pure, then peaceable;" and knowing that, since a believer can alter no single declaration of the gospel, he can exercise no liberality of his own, but must seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit to interpret every text aright, and then faithfully profess what he has been taught, "Not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God," and not, like Pilate, asking "what is truth?" without waiting for any answer.

We were told that the Roman Catholic priests,

who wish pater-nosters, ave-Marias, crossings, sprinklings, and genuflexions to supply the place of truth, holiness, and sincerity, openly rejoiced at the removal of a Protestant so exemplary and influential as the Chisholm, who had exhibited a degree of character and energy at an early age, which caused him to be already regarded with a reverence generally reserved for the old. During our visit to Inverness, it was still remembered in the Caledonian Hotel, that when he resided for several months there, his own servants, and nearly the whole household, were assembled in his room every morning and evening to prayers, when many of the visitors asked leave to attend, and thought it a privilege to hear the words of faith and hope from one who already knew how soon his faith would be swallowed up in sight, and his hope in enjoyment.

I cannot but think that the time is happily now in a great degree passed, when the world's loud laugh, its scorn, and its hatred, would be excited, by a character living in a nation of professing Christians like ours, and truly raised above the sorrows, temptations, and vanities of

this fleeting scene. When Dr. Blair preached his celebrated sermon, declaring that if perfect virtue were exhibited on earth, all men would fall down and worship it, his colleague Dr. Walker replied to him next Sunday from the pulpit, that such a character had once appeared in the world, and only once, not to be worshipped and admired, but to be crucified and slain. This country is, however, now brought nominally under the yoke of Christ. Almost every individual acknowledges our Divine Redeemer as the Master he ought to serve,—those who live in the neglect of their Bibles have a painful consciousness of guilt and danger; and while there is no question in society as to the authority of Holy Scripture, the only difference of opinion relates to the manner and degree of obedience. The society in which we live is formed not of unbelievers, such as those among whom Christ personally descended, to set aside their old tenets, and to implant a new and better dispensation, but of his ostensible adherents, varying in character, faithful or lukewarm, like the disciples in Ephesus, Smyrna, and all the seven churches of Asia, but still ranged under one banner, and

professing one allegiance. Those who study life among men, rather than among books, must be aware that, in the present day, fashion, if not feeling, is all in favour of external devotion. God alone knoweth the heart; but even among those most seeking the world's applause, it must be obvious that no individual now ranks higher in the esteem, or rather in the reverence of cultivated society, than a consistent, strict, and judicious Christian. Religion is not answerable for the weaknesses, defects, and follies of her votaries, many of whom bring discredit on her cause by blemishes in their own natural disposition and conduct, which a more enlightened piety would teach them to correct. The invisible strings of an instrument, when rightly tuned, produce the harmony which delights us: and where the inward and spiritual grace is testified by a conduct and conversation really becoming the gospel, a majority in our own country will bear testimony to its excellence and beauty. Religion has been said to consist in "imitating Him whom we adore," and it may be lamented how harsh and defective the imitation too often is,

exhibiting as much disparity in style and success, as the painters who have attempted to represent our Divine Saviour's personal appearance when on earth, some being hard, or exaggerated, while others have the grace, dignity, and attractiveness which Raphael has communicated to his portraits. Some Christians I have known, whose devotions in the closet were followed by such conduct as could stand the strictest of all scrutiny—that of their own domestic circle—who, pursuing the even tenor of their way in simplicity and godly sincerity, persevered in a total nonconformity to customs and habits irreconcilable with their high calling, and were yet so amiable at home, so deeply fervent in prayer for others, and so conciliatory to all without exception, that those even least ready to follow their example could not withhold their respect. A good soldier of Jesus Christ may inevitably be associated with others careless and criminal in their neglect of sacred duties, who will seek to beguile him from his steadfastness, but, once proved to be firm in obeying the Master whom they all profess to serve, none of that hatred and ridicule are ex-

cited which formerly beset the footsteps of all who pursued the narrow path of Christian duty, but rather a latent belief arises, that the man of God has chosen the better part, and a desire is felt at some distant period to do likewise. If Christians are reproached, they should take care that it be only for something in which they really do resemble Christ, and if they are persecuted, that it is indeed for "righteousness' sake;" but too often, when professing to follow a very high standard, they cast a slur upon religion, by failing most lamentably in the minor morals of their own peculiar station, and neglect to exhibit the mere shadow of goodness, because gifted with the substance. I have sometimes been astonished to perceive in those who intended to be followers of our blessed Saviour's example, a most unsuitable want of consideration for the feelings of others, and of attention to trifling duties, such as cheerful contentment under every circumstance, personal neatness, moderation in eating, careful expenditure of time, charitable blindness to the faults of others, and pity for the sorrows of their neighbours, which rendered them obvious to the criticisms of those

who neglect many higher objects, but to whom those external amiabilities, which no one should neglect, are almost an entire code of duty. We might sometimes smile, were it not so melancholy, to see how ingeniously religion can be made a cloak to conceal from people themselves that they are influenced by evil feelings, which, in their naked reality, would be disowned and abhorred. If a Christian, whose nature tends to envy, sees his neighbour's family suffering under some great calamity, how apt is he to remark, "Ah! they have had a long course of prosperity, and needed something of this kind to admonish them!" A Christian becoming indolent and careless about the essential doctrines of religion, professes "liberality," and scarcely seems as if he preferred one church to another; those of an opposite class, having formed a code of opinions for themselves, think they are persecuted by all who merely differ from them, and consider every man obstinately blind, and deservedly condemned, who does not agree to their views in every particular. Christians not formed for society, profess to think no one of more sociable habits can be genuinely pious, and retire to soli-

tude in fancied security, forgetful how many are hermits by nature and inclination, with no higher motive than natural taste, and they thus lose that discipline of the mind and heart which men are placed in contact with others on purpose to receive; and a Christian author, publishing some heavy volume which obtains little circulation, nourishes his vanity, by telling himself how few are capable of appreciating him,—that more popular works become so by conforming in a considerable degree to general opinions,—and that "the world will love its own." When we contemplate what Christians have occasionally been, and what they ought always to be, it is lamentable that those blessed with the peculiar gifts of Christian character should neglect its decorations,—that the fruit and flowers should seem deficient when the root and branches are sound,—that the diamond, with all its intrinsic worth, fails to shine before men, who would be ready to recognise and value it, but for the want of exterior polish.

Our guide through the grounds of Erchless Castle informed me that, in a thatched hut nearly half a mile distant, lived a very aged and in-

firm Roman Catholic priest, who has made a practice during several years past of being wheeled in an arm chair to the road side, where he used to read perpetually, but his eye-sight being now impaired, he lives upon the gossip and small talk of the highway, and watches eagerly for any chance passengers to converse with, though, living, as he does, half-way up a glen which leads to nothing, he must often experience the meaning of "hope deferred." Nothing comes amiss to old "Father Philip" in the way of news, either public or private, and our cicerone departed, strongly recommending us to visit this eccentric character, "who hears all that happens from Spey to the Orkneys." He seemed unquestionably one of the natural curiosities in this district, therefore we resolved to hold a conference at his levee, which turned out marvellously entertaining. You never saw so much dignity maintained on means apparently so inadequate, for, though the dress of Father Philip be of the poorest description, and his whole person is swollen with dropsy, yet the Pope himself need scarcely have been ashamed to see his representative. When we approached, his whole coun-

tenance lighted up with pleasure at catching a fresh haul of visitors; he bowed, shook hands, and attempted to offer me his easy chair, but failed in his endeavour to rise, while I entreated him to desist, and greatly preferred one of the large stones, several of which are placed in circle around him for visitors. He began the interview by inquiring whether we preferred whisky or milk for our refreshment, and after the produce of his dairy had been duly produced, he asked, in a courteous tone, a perfect torrent of questions about every thing and every body, especially with a view to find out who we were, which A——, to the best of his ability, explained.

Father Philip has long, to use our Scottish phraseology, "enjoyed" very bad health, and is, moreover, quite superannuated. I often wish a retiring pension were provided for aged clergymen of our persuasion, as well as for half-pay officers, though there would be many perhaps as unwilling to relax in their pastoral labours as the venerable Arnold, who replied, when his friends represented that his years and infirmities required more rest, "No! I shall soon have all eternity to rest in!"

Proceeding from Erchless Castle towards Beauly, through the most charming glen scenery in the world, we lamented over several thousand magnificent birch trees already laid prostrate for railroads, and two thousand more marked for a similar fate, and weeping in anticipation of their fall. I am sure we acted as chief mourners on the occasion.

About three miles from Beauly, we passed an extremely romantic cottage, with an extremely romantic history. It was built on a small island five years ago, by the descendant of Simon Lord Lovat, for the alleged descendants of Prince Charles, two very accomplished gentlemen, who have never distinctly stated their claim, but are much esteemed in the neighbourhood, and received at some houses with almost royal honours. We saw them for a moment near their own gate, both accoutred in splendid Highland costume, precisely copied from portraits of "The Young Chevalier," with the white cocade mounted on their bonnets, their plaids flying, and feathers waving in the breeze, and certainly the resemblance is striking, but farther than this the deponent saith not. The family of Lovat, unable

to bestow the whole island of Great Britain, according to their inclinations, have succeeded at least in providing an island, situated in "The Dream," where any one they please may be privileged to exclaim,

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute."

The river dashes vehemently round this charming green isle, which rises abruptly out of the water, crowned with trees, and surrounded by curious pyramids of rock, like conglomerated gravel, washed by the tumultuous stream into a hundred fantastic shapes, resembling turrets, steeples, castles, and even trees of stone. The cottage looks as if its walls had been covered with a border plaid, as the dark grey stones are checked with stripes of white cement,—a ferry-boat was moored on one side of the island, and a rustic bridge, extremely unsafe looking, hung on the other, while the whole scene was hemmed in by a circle of such magnificent wooded hills as might make the fortune of any ordinary place. The falls of Beauly, or more properly Beaulieu, are like a cascade of silver churned into foam, and fretted into appearing as white as a sheet,

among the iron-looking rocks. The best view is from a garden near the road, belonging to the parish clergyman; but if his "vineyard" be no better cared for than his garden, I should be sorry for the parishioners. This ought to be one of the loveliest spots upon earth, but is now such a mere bear-garden of weeds, I felt much inclined to take up a hoe myself.

We admired Lord Lovat's beautiful park and grounds, though rather at a loss to guess why his cottage-looking house was ever dignified with the name of Beaufort Castle, not being more like our idea of a castle than a pistol is to a cannon. Near this, 1200 acres of forest have been planted in two years, which compensates in some degree for thousands having been wrenched out of the Drhuim at one fell swoop.

I would subscribe something to get the ancient ruin of Beauly Priory cleaned out and made tidy, for you never witnessed a more disorderly scene of desolation. Probably every grain of dust in this old cemetery once formed part of a human frame, but now, open stone coffins, human bones, long spiry grass, nettles and tomb-stones, are all miscellaneously heaped

together, and when I saw the ornamented tablets which had formerly been meant to express the dignity and worth of those who lay scattered around, I could not but think of the tears that must have fallen when those graves were closed, and of the many hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows like our own, which once filled the heads and hearts of the silent, neglected dead, sleeping unconsciously at our feet; but how transient is the honour given by man, even when carved on stone! We waste much sympathy on the departed in such a scene, for to them the body is of no more importance than the mantle of Elijah after he ascended to heaven; but yet for our own sakes, if men wish hereafter to be laid at rest in decency and peace, they should respect the sanctuary of others, even though their name and kindred be forgotten, for there is not an emotion or an affection can live in the heart of any living man, that the dead in their time have not also shared.

Nothing proves how little the beauties of Scotland are explored more obviously than the entire want of horses, accommodation, or comfort of any kind in a village like Beauly, the

great thoroughfare to much of our finest scenery. The inn is little better than an ale-house, with no "entertainment" that we could see, fit for either man or horse. Swarms of pedestrians were hastening along the high road, to attend a Thursday sermon before the Sacrament in some distant parish, all so gaily dressed, that we conjectured they must be going to a wedding; and the crowds which usually congregate on such occasions have become so serious an inconvenience to the clergy, that they have decided in many districts that this ordinance shall be held everywhere on the same day, to prevent strangers from transforming the most sacred of all earthly duties into a scene of mere lounging and gossip. In the Highlands many servants make a stipulation, when engaged, that they shall be allowed, in every neighbouring parish, regularly to attend "The Preachings," and the country milliners all hasten down with patterns of their newest bonnets and caps for that occasion.

Three miles from Beauly we entered the ruins of Killichrist Church, where, on account of family feuds, a whole congregation of the clan Mackenzie was burned alive by the Macdonells

of Glengarry, during which a piper paraded round the church, performing an extemporary tune, still used as Glengarry's pibroch. Men, women, and children were thrust back with spears when they attempted to escape from the flames; and one young woman, who had claimed protection and gained her liberty on account of being a Macdonell, was thrown back into the general conflagration, when it was discovered that she was married to a Mackenzie. Many bones of these miserable victims are still visible, whitening in the sun, sad memorials of this wholesale massacre; yet the woman who lived close beside this church, and accompanied us round the bare and blackened walls, seemed to know little, and to care still less, about so old a story. If we had enquired about the smoking of a bee-hive, she could scarcely have expressed more indifference, but it is curious, that the greater the number of sufferers on any occasion, the smaller is the sympathy excited by their fate.

Tourists fancy they have seen all the beauties of Scotland after reaching Inverness; but there never was a greater mistake, as the picture-

gallery of landscapes becomes more romantic every mile you advance. The whole road by Beauly to Dingwall presents a succession of charming places and magnificent scenery. Brahan Castle belonged to a real aboriginal chieftain, and is worthy of the ancient Seaforth dynasty, being a massy old edifice of handsome exterior, though united to a better-half of very disproportioned age and unsuitable appearance, —the one being venerable with declining years, the other very plain and exceedingly juvenile. In a landscape, the rarest of all ornaments are handsome well-grown oaks, such as we admired here in rich profusion, not mere brushwood, but positive timber, fit to build a seventy-four, and such as Richmond Park might be proud of. It extends over two or three miles of park, the ground rising in charming terraces from the river Connan to the summit of the crested hills, which form a magnificent climax.

Here, in full Highland garb, we saw a fine spirited portrait by Raeburn, of the late Lord Seaforth, the last chief of that ancient line. A Ross-shire gentleman repeated to me the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer concerning

that family, known in the country a century before its melancholy fulfilment, and besides other well-known domestic circumstances, the premature death of Lord Seaforth's two very talented and accomplished sons was foretold, and that "a dark lady from the East should come to inherit this estate." A most dismal portrait was shown us, representing the wife of the fugitive Lord Seaforth, who looks as if she had never known a cheerful moment, and as if the sun itself had never shone upon her. Her dress is black, the frame is black, and I almost wondered how she happened to sit in so melancholy a mood at all. The whole room is enlivened by a showily-dressed likeness of George the Third, whose portraits are generally in a blaze of white, ermine fur, powdered hair, his foot on a footstool, and his profile as distinctly marked as on the coinage. Nothing is so unbecoming as a portrait in profile, it looks so hard and sharp.

Cardinal Richelieu's picture and the Duchess of Cleveland's, form an amiable pair in the library, and she is accompanied by a little fashionable-looking dog. Even in these old times, the canine

madness prevailed of idolizing dogs, though not perhaps carried to the excess we now see, when some pet-dogs in London have printed visiting cards, which they leave along with those of the lady who belongs to them. A distinguished authoress lately, of perfectly sane mind, and in possession of all her senses, wrote a letter to her Blenheim spaniel, with advice about his diet and conduct during their temporary separation, and another equally celebrated writer, being in a house which was suddenly in danger of falling, left her friends to take care of themselves, but snatched up her dog and her manuscripts to hurry them out of danger. When Eneas carried his father out of Troy, he was not probably a dog-fancier.

Travellers have expressed their surprise at finding so few great public libraries in this country, compared with the continent; but in private houses they would be equally astonished at their number and magnificence. The collection of books is nearly as good a test of family antiquity as the collection of portraits, while the one may be supposed fitly to represent the mind, as the other does the external aspect of departed generations. Here we found the li-

brary a most comfortable, studious looking room, lined with sober mahogany book cases, which were filled with abundance of plainly dressed domestic looking books, written by the good old standard authors, whom nobody ever thinks of reading now. As Swift remarked, men treat great authors now, as vulgar people treat the nobility, talking familiarly of those whose titles only they have learned by heart. Here, as in all Highland castles, the rooms were decorated with so many stags' heads, that they might have peopled a whole forest, but I was sorry that not a single haunch remained on the table.

The present proprietor of Brahan Castle being in office abroad, the house and grounds are let, which is less injurious to the place and neighbourhood, than if it had remained untenanted like many of the finest places in Rossshire, which had the look of neglected desolation so soon acquired by residences without residents.

The magnificent scale on which country hospitalities must now be maintained by those who wish to receive their friends at all, soon ex-

hausts any private fortune, and country gentlemen, who would frequently rather cease to be hospitable at all, than become so merely in moderation, retire from usefulness at home to the insignificance and incognito of continental life, rather than exercise judicious retrenchments in the neighbourhood where they are subject to observation. As a sensible old proverb remarks, "the eyes of other people are the eyes which ruin us," and few persons regret any moderate privation, if no one else be aware of the necessity, or criticise the details. Instead of exclaiming, like Sir Peter Teazle, however, "defend me from my friends," I would rather say, "defend me from the servants of my friends," for they require a degree of comfort and luxury where their masters visit, such as a gentleman in former days would have been charmed to enjoy. In several Highland houses, the second table declines to dine on red-deer-venison, muirfowl, salmon, salt meat, or any thing cold, and a remonstrance was made at one place, that there had been roast lamb three days running, which could not be tolerated. A noble Lord in Perthshire, who allowed no second table for his esta-

blishment, being informed that the valet belonging to one of his visitors, had entered a protest against dining with the livery servants, sent for him during his own dinner, and said, pointing to a vacant seat next to the man's own master, "I allow only two tables in my house, therefore, if you think this more suitable to your station than the other, pray be seated!" The man shrunk off quite abashed, and no more was heard of his difficulties or objections; but servants in general think it necessary to support their master's dignity, by boasting of the indulgences which they are allowed at home, and are perhaps allowed to invent new perquisites for themselves, and to claim some they never before enjoyed, for we find much truth in the old saying, that "the strictest economists are always most liberal of their neighbour's goods,—and a miser is the most jovial of all companions at a friend's table." A "good old country gentleman," who would gladly have been sociable with his acquaintances, at length discovers, after struggling with the inconvenience of all these troubles for a few years, that the same gratitude, and less

annoyance, are given to those who keep a hotel, which would be as agreeable, and less expensive. A Scotch innkeeper came once in great perplexity to a noble Duke, saying, his Grace's servants had called for claret, but he supposed, of course, without permission, to which the Duke replied, "If the fellows are impudent enough to ask for it, I suppose they must have some!" When an English Baronet asked his valet lately, how a pipe of fine old port was holding out, he replied, "Indeed, Sir! *we* have been rather hard upon it lately!" and it was the modest request of a butler to his master once, that he might be allowed "more wages, less work, and the key of the wine cellar!" Upper servants think it beneath their dignity to be contented anywhere, or anyhow, while those who wish to attain preeminence among their cotemporaries must excel in the science of fault finding, and be deeply versed in the mystery of perquisites and precedencies. No proprietor, unless he has kept open house in the country, can guess half the annoyance these trifles connected with "the plague of servants" occasion, nor how much this want of proper discipline is the reason why half the cas-

tles and cottages in Scotland are "to be let furnished or unfurnished."

Wishing you and all the world a good night. Yours, &c.

STRATHPEFFER.

—

> Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
> And life, that bloated ease may never hope to share.
>
> BYRON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—A new style of writing English is in vogue at present, in which I have a soaring ambition to excel, if I can only arrange a neat mosaic of different languages, as ingeniously as some recent authors, who express themselves in this way, "Time passes *à merveille*, and I rose to-day *au point du jour*, to enjoy a *promenade en voiture*, and afterwards *à pied*, with our *cicerone*, where the *beau monde* assemble, and *s'ennuyer en cherchant de s'amuser*." Our *cuisine Française* is superintended by a *chef*, whose *savoir* is incomparable; and at dinner we had *côtelettes-a-lá minute* dressed *à ravir*, *entremets*,—and for the

rest, see M. Ude, chapter ten, to be read straight through. Do you remember the affected Englishman, who talked once of "*la manière de société*," and asked how we express that in this country, when you replied, "we generally say, "*l'usage du monde!*"

The French insist there are three things we ought to avoid at the risk of our lives,—a family dinner—an amateur concert—and home-made wine; but they might have added, above all, a watering-place out of season. Here we are at Strathpeffer, the Harrogate of Scotland, where people expect their health to be improved by drinking themselves into a perfect dropsy with nauseous mineral waters. There is a fashion in physic quite as much as in bonnets; and Dr. Granville, with his fifty German Spas, has thrown this place rather into the shade, though some wanderers yet continue to stray here in search of health, gaiety, or retirement, as the case may be. The number of invalids arrived here not being yet sufficient to constitute an ordinary, we had dinner in our own room, so very indifferent, that it ought to have been hissed off the stage,—a leg of lamb, that might have

grown into mutton since the time it was killed, and a miserable chicken, which had been evidently starved to death.

Our landlady had somewhat the manner of a retired Duchess at first, but at length relaxed from her dignity, and paid me a long visit, with a fine lively baby in her arms of nine months old, who was perfectly blind. It was affecting to see the poor little thing so unconscious of a calamity which must hereafter embitter his whole earthly existence; but, fortunately for himself, he is born in a station which will oblige him to make great exertions for his subsistence,—as a life without motive, occupation, or sight, would indeed be one of hopeless endurance. The greatest alleviation such a case can admit, is to be found in such employments as are taught in the Blind Asylums, where sufferers are consoled and cheered by the sympathy of others as unhappily circumstanced. It is a curious source from which to derive comfort, that of knowing others are as ill off as ourselves; but if I had the toothache I should wish to be in a roomful of people with the toothache also! At the Blind Asylum in Edin-

burgh you may see any day a very remarkable man, who lost his sight at four years old, and who knows the Bible by heart so perfectly, that not only can he repeat without hesitation any chapter or verse he may be asked for, but he can likewise quote parallel passages in Scripture, and combine the various texts which teach similar doctrines. If I were obliged to give up the blessing of sight, and could choose what gift to receive in exchange, it would undoubtedly be my first wish to possess so enlightened a knowledge of the Holy Scripture as that of John Maclaren.

It was most melancholy and depressing to observe the crowds of poor, decrepid, miserable objects who assemble at Strathpeffer,—and when I saw them so utterly helpless and wretched, we were reminded of the pool at Bethesda, and of the joy that must have been felt there at the moving of the waters, though but one sufferer was to be cured. Some time ago subscriptions were levied to raise an hospital for invalids who came here without the means of living, but unfortunately the collectors were too sanguine, expecting ten times more than they received;

so, after expending more than their funds on raising the mere empty shell of a large edifice, no endowment remained for furnishing it, or supporting the inmates; therefore the building stands bare, gaunt, and empty, like too many of our public and private structures, which become mere cumberers of the ground, because men still neglect the advice of Scripture, to "count the cost" before beginning to build.

In looking at the crowd of indigent suffering people round the well, how inevitably must that question occur to the minds of those blessed with health and competence, "who maketh thee to differ?" and why have the lines fallen unto us in such pleasant places? Those who neglect to alleviate the sufferings of others, or who encourage one discontented thought in such circumstances, would indeed deserve to forfeit all, and to incur the just indignation of that Great and Good Being, who tries some with adversity and others with prosperity, expecting implicit resignation from the one, and cheerful gratitude from the other, but "all whose ways are mercy and truth." While thankfully receiving the dispensations of good

or of apparent evil which fall to our share in the general distribution, we should endeavour, if it be possible, calmly to welcome every vicissitude, under the very soothing conviction, that nothing comes by chance, but all is the appointed means by which, if rightly used, we shall be prepared to "dwell in the House of the Lord for ever."

When strolling along the high-road, admiring Ben Weavis, "the mountain of storms," we were overtaken by a strange-looking beggar, dressed in a sort of tattered magnificence, with a black satin cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her soiled and crumpled cap. She had pursued us at full speed for nearly a mile, and carried a large well-grown baby in her arms. At first I thought, from her vehement unintelligible articulation, that she spoke in Gaelic, but on stopping to listen, and enquiring afterwards, we discovered that she was the miserable remains of a fine French abigail, wandering through this remote district in search of charity, without being able to speak one word of English. It was quite a case, as your sentimental friend would say, "for sixpence and

tears." These changes of fortune among the spoiled servants in great families are but too frequent, and the ultimate fate of those who are capriciously indulged in wanton extravagance, very commonly is to die in an hospital, and to be buried by the parish.

Towards evening, we found ourselves near Coul, about two miles from Strathpeffer, and having understood that the place is at present to be let, we resolved to inspect the house and grounds, though without much intention of becoming tenants. I was not allowed, however, to admire anything beyond a black palisade, bristling all round the park like a porcupine, and covered with pitch and tar. You shall now hear the true meaning of "a *Coul* reception." An old woman appeared at the lodge, very like one of the witches in Macbeth, but by no means inclined to "open locks whoever knocks." Seeing we wished to enter, she made me a long oration through the bars of her gate, in Gaelic, and having "possession of the house," she declaimed with great animation, suiting the action to the word as she shook her head, and did not open the black dismal-looking gate. I made a

speech, in reply, of persuasive eloquence, but the noes had it, and her daughter finished the discussion, by acting as interpreter, and "rising to explain," that the proprietor had sent orders from abroad. "if his most intimate friend applied for admission, to refuse it." This was unanswerable, so leaving the place to "blush unseen," we proceeded to enjoy a stroll in the beautiful park of Castle Leod, which belonged to the Earls of Cromarty, and has descended by inheritance to the present owner, Mrs. Hay Mackenzie. We passed under the shadow of a splendid Spanish chesnut, the stem as straight as a pillar, measuring eighteen feet circumference, at five feet from the ground. It has luckily fallen into good hands, as we saw no cutting or maiming of forests here, and there is quite an exhibition of trees in every variety, which might gain a prize at any show.

The very aged house is built on the model of every old Scottish castle, with the turrets and pinnacles looking like vinegar cruets, and over the door of entrance are the family arms emblazoned on stone. This place has been these many seasons the annual resort of sportsmen, to

whom it is let "unfurnished;" but I was amused to hear that some years ago, a nobleman of very large fortune took the almost empty house, and finding in it a couple of bedsteads, and some wooden chairs, more than had been bargained for, he bravely resolved to rough it for the season, without adding another article of furniture. It is amusing to see how those who are born and bred in luxury delight occasionally to throw it off, while the whole race of *nouveaux riches*, abigails, and valets, live in perpetual anxiety about their little comforts, and feel aggrieved by the most trifling temporary deficiency. The water-drinkers at Strathpeffer flocked over to witness the splendour of Castle Leod, now that it was once more the residence of an earl; and his lordship frequently amused himself, by accompanying in person a party of lions from one empty room to another, opening the doors with perfect gravity, as if he thought them all in the highest state of perfection, while the strangers were in a most comical state of perplexity what to say, or how to put a polite face on their astonishment.

A gentleman visiting at one of our principal

Highland residences some time since, personated the butler for a frolic, and conducted a party of strangers round the house and pictures, telling all sorts of absurd stories and traditions, composed extempore, till at length he concluded this rather unfair jest, by throwing open a door leading into the luncheon room, and taking his seat at table, leaving the unfortunate "lions" planted at the door, while he exclaimed with a laugh, "and here are Lord and Lady ——, the present proprietors!"

This morning we drove to the Falls of Rogie, reckoned so like those of Tivoli, that we need scarcely now go to Italy. After a few dry days, the cascade was so low, I might almost have counted the drops; but the surrounding scenery is charming, and a light rustic bridge, crossing over the very face of the fall, has a striking effect. From thence we proceeded to one of the most lovely bits of lake scenery that can by possibility be conceived. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, when surprised once by the re-appearance of an English friend who had been in the West Indies for sixteen years, asked what had brought him to Scotland again, to

which the stranger replied, "What but to see Loch Achilty once again!" I only wonder he could remain away so long! This lake is quite a little natural curiosity of luxuriance and beauty, as blue and still as a piece of porcelain china, encircled by a ring of mountains which are clothed to their summits in birch and fir, while every wooded hill thrusts a long elbow into the water. High bare scalps of rock are visible here and there, like great uncultivated savages peeping over into civilized life, and in the most romantic spot of all this lovely scene stands a cottage!—such a cottage!! build one according to your most romantic fancy anywhere, and the situation can never be excelled! "I saw it but a moment, and methinks I see it yet!"

A bishop of Ossory once remarked, that Dingwall, to which we next proceeded, greatly resembles Jerusalem, and pointed out a hill, the exact counterpart of Mount Calvary. In this neighbourhood are some enchanting drives, particularly in the direction of Tulloch Castle, an elegant residence, magnificently situated amidst a forest of trees, above the Cromarty Frith.

Some miles beyond we saw Novar, a modern house in the Grecian style, surrounded by a wide, unbroken expanse of magnificent wood, and where a fine collection of foreign pictures is most liberally shown to the public, though unfortunately we did not hear of this Highland Louvre or Vatican till too late. Fowlis, belonging to Sir Hector Monro, is said to contain as many windows as there are days in the year, though I observed only enough to make a month. This place has been deserted ever since the calamitous death of Lady Monro, drowned along with her maid when bathing some years ago. Their cries for help were distinctly heard, but the servants had been so strictly prohibited from passing in that direction, that none had the presence of mind to venture until too late. A law-suit is now in process, whether the present proprietor's only daughter, or the heir-male to a dynasty of eight centuries, shall inherit this "very desirable tenement," which is well worth contesting. The trees might be a fortune in themselves, and it is said the lives of those that remain depend upon the issue of this plea, as the law did not entail them on the heir-male.

and many of these forest chiefs have already fallen victims to the axe.

At Invergordon is a fine pier, protected by two curious abrupt points of land, called the Souters of Cromarty, which throw themselves out from opposite sides of the bay, like serpents, with their heads almost meeting. Their proximity would remind you of the Scottish battle-cry, "Shouther to shouther." This forms a land-locked basin, where the whole navy of Great Britain might ride out a sweeping blast from the wildest wind in the compass.

Tarbet House, the modern residence of Mrs. Hay Mackenzie, has nothing in its appearance to make a song about. Though externally gay and attractive, with an appearance of common-place modern comfort, it is unfit to hold a candle to Castle Leod. The finest residence in this neighbourhood is not in the habit of being shown, but we got a glimpse of Balnagown, belonging to Sir Charles Ross, with a modern addition *à la* Gillespie, not yet finished inside, but the abbey-like appearance of which is a curious contrast to the old Scotch castle, looking as if it had once belonged to the army, and had now taken

orders. It stands in a noble park, and commands a wide expanse of the Cromarty Frith. Here you have room to breathe, and we stood on A——'s favourite position for taking a bird's eye view, —the top of the house,—whence we admired a fine comprehensive landscape of wood, water, and hills, tastefully scattered, and showing each other off to the best advantage.

Several of the family pictures at Balnagown are very interesting. One which attracted much of our attention, represented Sir William Gordon taking leave of his wife and seven children, previous to going abroad, the whole party being drowned in tears! An odd moment to choose for sitting and certainly not a happy one! Matthews used to exhibit seven different ways of laughing, and here may be seen as many styles of weeping! One of the young ladies, who was evidently handsome, afterwards became Countess of Cromarty. A very striking picture is here, by Sir Peter Lely, representing the Duke of Monmouth as a boy, with his mother, the celebrated Lucy Waters, quite worthy of her reputation for beauty. We admired much "the

bonny Earl of Moray," reckoned the greatest Adonis in his day, who looks as if he thought himself so. His last words, when he was slain among the rocks at Donibristle, by Lord Huntley, are a curious record of personal vanity strong even in death, "You have spoiled a better face than your own!"

Next in the gallery hangs a faded but pleasing portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Sir John Lockhart Ross, who began life as a fifth son, and succeeded eventually to the estate, which you will call "a melancholy piece of good fortune." We admired extremely a full length portrait of Mrs. Lewis Mackenzie, by Raeburn, though, like most of his pictures, the very dark heavy shadows he has thrown over the eyes, perfectly burying them in shade, give a weeping melancholy expression to the countenance, and the draperies cling as if they were wet. Sir Henry Raeburn is said to have been the only boy educated at Heriot's Hospital who ever afterwards distinguished himself. We observed a grotesque old chimney-piece at Balnagown, with the family arms, modelled in co-

loured stucco, besides initials and various zoological devices, like those carried about by the image boys in London. The date was 1670.

Near Tain we remarked some of the best agriculture in Scotland, and were told that Mr. Ross Rose, a great proprietor here, had taken his whole estate into his own hands, and after improving the farms to their utmost capability, is now letting them at an augmented rent to the best tenants. I saw so many ploughs going in one field, that the effect was like a ploughing match, but his farming establishment is now reduced to only forty pairs of horses! Every field for several miles is trimmed round with luxuriant hedges of thorn and beech, clipped and dressed as if they belonged to a garden, and the road is overhung with laburnums and other flowering shrubs, instead of the "stone hedges," Dr. Johnson complains of, which some proprietors prefer, because they take less room and no nourishment.

When the Highlanders first observed the march of civil government into their own wild fastnesses, an expression of angry consternation became general, "the law has got to

Tain!" but it might have reminded them of old times, to have seen the Gothic Church there, which was forsaken for a barn-like edifice of larger dimensions. The state of this venerable building at present is perfectly unique. The roof is entire, but a scene of desolation reigns within, quite beyond description,—and you would imagine that some drunken brawl, or O.P. riot, had taken place there before it was deserted. Pews are torn up by the roots and scattered in fragments on the aisles, galleries, hanging in splinters, the curtains in tatters, the windows broken and partly built up, the tombs defaced, the pulpit-stair a mere wreck, and the sacred desk itself tottering towards the ground. You might fancy that a destructive army of soldiers had laid it waste not an hour ago, but this has been its situation these many years, for the whole place is encrusted with dust and festooned with cobwebs. We were quite scandalized to see this venerable church in so disreputable a condition. There are traces yet remaining, however, of departed magnificence. The principal pew, with pillars on each side and a canopy above, is of carved oak, gilded like

the frame of a mirror. The galleries have once been painted in brilliant colours, representing badges of all the different trades at Tain, wheat-sheaves for the bakers and scissors for the tailors, which were necessary hieroglyphics in old times for those who could neither read nor write. The only objects we saw not in this pitiable state of decay, were a large black velvet pall, which lay in a heap at one corner of the church, and two modern white marble tombs, the first commemorating the old clergyman who last preached from this forsaken pulpit, and the other in memory of Mrs. Ross Rose, who, at the early age of twenty-seven, suddenly dropped down dead, when preparing medicines for a sick and indigent family. A marble figure is sculptured on one side of the tablet in an attitude of meditation, and a kneeling child opposite, while underneath we observed an inscription, expressing all that grief could dictate, to attract the sympathy and respect of strangers. On the external wall of this church are some curious old coats-of-arms and images, nearly obliterated with age; but one of the effigies had lately a most amusing adventure, as a worthy magistrate at

Tain thought it a good plan for immortalizing his own physiognomy, to have this old saint metamorphosed into a likeness of himself, and accordingly Bailie Ross called in a sculptor and caused his own magisterial features to be duly copied for the occasion. Unfortunately, after the transformation was accomplished, and the city of Tain had been entertained for years with admiring this modern antique, it one day fell prostrate, breaking through the arch of a burial vault, and when we looked down, amidst crumbling coffins and human bones there lay the broken image of the aspiring Bailie Ross, whom I shall certainly make a point of never forgetting. The good people of Tain behave rather unhandsomely to the dead, having no scruple apparently in elbowing them out of their own tomb-stones. I found here an ancient tablet, where, instead of refreshing the original name and date, as Old Mortality did, one half of the inscription has been allowed to remain, setting forth the virtues of an individual deceased a hundred years since, but his own designation was erased, and the stone chiselled an inch deep, with the name of a Mrs. Janet Monro, wife of Alexander Monro of

Tain, who died in 1839. The good lady may have been tolerably honest during her life, but this is the only instance I know of a posthumous theft. It might positively be actionable, if either plaintiff or defendant could be summoned into court.

Our progress from Tain was delayed, owing to all the horses having been bespoke for the funeral of a respectable old lady, going thirty-five miles off, and after breakfast our landlady burst into the room with intelligence, that she had secured a window for me, to see the procession! I did not expect much, but the worthy landlady favoured me with her own society and remarks on the occasion, which gave the affair a perfectly new aspect. The idea of all her own post-horses being in requisition at once, excited her most reverential admiration, besides which we counted eight gigs, one post-chaise, two Irish cars, one phaeton, the hearse, and several persons on horseback! No higher pitch of human grandeur at Tain could be reached! From the immediate subject of her thoughts, our landlady's conversation digressed to the recent death of the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland,

when she spoke in raptures of admiration respecting a most beautiful address of condolence from the Scottish corporation in London, to the Duke, which appeared that morning in the Inverness Courier, adding, that she had locked it up, thinking if ever her sons were writing to friends in distress, they could not do better than copy it out!

We plodded on very comfortably for some time after leaving Tain, and trotted leisurely down hill towards a bridge, near one side of which, in a flat cultivated field, lay an enormous black whin stone, about fifty feet round. It looked like a prodigious haggis, or some huge ungainly animal, prostrate beside the highway; but whatever our horse mistook it for, he suddenly sprung aside, threw his fore-feet over the opposite parapet, and struggled violently to leap over. I have a confused recollection of tearing down the apron, and springing beyond the carriage-wheel to the ground. A—— did the same, and when we looked round an instant afterwards, the carriage and horse had entirely vanished. I felt for a moment as if the roof of my head had flown off! Having at length summoned

courage to take a glance over the parapet, and ascertain the worst, I saw our vehicle lying upside down on a bank beneath, and our traitor of a horse struggling in the shafts, while a crowd of women, who had assembled so rapidly, they seemed to have grown out of the ground, were using their utmost efforts to assist A—— in righting the whole equipage. Meantime I sat down to recover from the shock of my *impromptu* descent, while a venerable grey haired-man, like a missionary, came up to me, making many suitable reflections. No one can imagine how much real kindness and sympathy there are in the world till they be needed, and with my senses perfectly scattered by the adventure, it seemed quite providential that a person so able and willing to direct my thoughts in an appropriate channel, should be on the spot.

Before we had time to fix on any plan for proceeding towards Dornoch, a gig drove up, the proprietor of which stopped on observing the disabled state of our equipage, and obligingly offered us the use of his own. Gigs were by no means in fashion with me now, but our new friend was so persevering in his offers of service,

that it ended in A—— walking to the ferry, two miles off; and the stranger's driving me there, though I could not but commiserate my own case, in being obliged to trust any four-legged animal again.

Some days afterwards A—— transmitted an account of our accident to the Provost of Tain, suggesting that the great stone should be tried by a Court Martial and broke, as the lives of Her Majesty's lieges were endangered by so formidable looking an object near the high-road; but an answer arrived by return of post, stating, that the said stone was a great geological curiosity, a special favourite with scientific men, and that sixty years ago our correspondent's own mother had nearly been killed by her horse taking fright on the same spot, but he could then obtain no redress. A suggestion was made, at that time, to cut up this wonderful phenomenon into mile stones, but the town of Tain rose in arms against so flagrant a proposition; and, in short, every traveller's bones may be broken rather than this illustrious rock,—but it would be desirable that the horses in that neighbourhood should learn better notions of geology.

If you are fond of our Scotch dish, "hotch-potch," my letters may often bring it to your mind, and the phrenological world would see more "causality" than "concentrativeness" in these new "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." At book-clubs now, to judge from the works we see most in demand, nothing appears to excite such general interest at present, as the life and adventures of highwaymen, the more daring and atrocious the better; but I hope you will be satisfied, in this long web of a letter, to read a few highway incidents, though not seasoned, unluckily, with anything in the robbery and murder line. I thought, when paper currency ceased in England, and we were all obliged to carry gold on our travels, that the race of Turpins and Jack Sheppards would have revived; and now that the days of knight-errantry are restored in the higher circles, perhaps the lower orders, in reading the spirited descriptions of times gone by, may be fired with emulation to imitate those heroes of the road, who are so eloquently held up as objects of interest and admiration to all classes. Such works seem, on the whole, mere lessons of de-

pravity, especially as the pill is gilded with a great deal of wit and humour.

Now that we are about to visit some friends in the neighbourhood, I must draw my lucubrations to a close, that the letter-carrier may "stand and deliver" at your door in due time. Perhaps you may give a hit at my loquaciousness, as Sydney Smith did once to a certain young lady, who had become very fluent on the subject of an author's drollery and humour, remarking, that his book was filled with flashes of wit, when he looked sternly at his talkative companion, saying, "I sometimes prefer flashes of silence."

THE END.

ERRATUM.—Page 99, last line, *for* Nadab's, *read* Naboth's.

INDEX.

	Page
Aird Lamont, ...	52
Appin, ...	123
Ardgower, ...	130
Ardvoiser Bay, ...	188
Arisaig, ...	123
Argyle, Duke of, ...	68–77
Argyleshire, ...	135
Cottages of, ...	96
Armidale Castle, Portraits at, . .	189
„ First Lord of the Isles,	191
„ Sir James Macdonald,	192
Arran Mountains, ...	52
Auchnacarry, ...	164
Balmacarra, ...	237
Balnagown, ...	330
Barmore, ...	55
Beauly Priory, ...	306
Benavie, ...	168
Ben Cruachan, ...	87
Ben Nevis, ...	126
Brahan Castle, ...	300
Portraits at :	
„ Lord Seaforth, . .	310
„ Lady Seaforth, . .	311
„ George the Third, .	ib.

Page

Brahan Castle, Portraits at :
„ Cardinal Richelieu, . 311
„ Duchess of Cleveland, . ib.
Broadford, ... 199
Bute, ... 40
Kyles of, ... 43
Caledonian Canal, ... 158
Camerons of Lochiel . . . 161
Campbells, ... 53
Castle-Leod, ... 325
Cave in Island of Eigg, . . . 218
Cawdor Castle, ... 277
King Duncan's room where murdered, 281
Lord Lovat's concealment, . . 283
Chisholm, The 293
—— Grave of, ... 292
Chieftain of Macintosh, . . . 160
Chieftain of Lochiel, . . . 167
Christian profession, . . . 296
Clans, ... 191
Cluny, ... 295
Coran Ferry, ... 120
Coruisk, ... 219
Coul, ... 324
Dalmally, ... 86
Dark Mile, ... 166
Deep Well, ... 170
Dingwall, ... 328
Dochfour, ... 272
Druid's Stone, ... 63
Drumnadrochit, ... 264
Dunolly Castle, ... 117
Dunstaffnage Castle, . . . 115
English Clergyman's Cottage, . . 48

Page
Feechless Castle, 252
Fall of Foyers, 267
Falls of Rogie, 327
Fort William, 158
Gaelic, 137
Glencoe, 330
Glenfinnan, 180
Glengarry, 193
Glen Shiel, 243
Glen Urquhart, 265
Gordon of Cluny, 231
Highland Proprietors, 172
Tenantry, 174
Attachment of ditto, 176
Lairds, 176
Forests, 259
Invergordon, 330
Inveraray, approach to, 60
Inn, 65
Town-crier of, 67
Castle of, 71
Entrance Hall of, 75
Castle, Portraits at,
" Miss Bellenden, 78
" Miss Gunning, 90
" Duke of Argyll, 79
" Marquis of Argyll 80
" Mrs. Gunning, 91
" Lady Charlotte Bury, 92
" Duke of Hamilton, ib.
Invermorriston, 256
Inverlochy Castle, 162
Inverness, 270
Inverniel, 50

Page
186
Isle of Skye, 226
Hospitality of, 229
Food of, 230
Waste land of, 231
Cottages of, 35
Kean's Cottage, 91
Kilchurn Castle, 208
Killichrist Church, 208
Kilravock, 80, 100
Loch Awe, 168
Loch Arcaig, 54
Loch Eyne, 118
Loch Linhe, 219
Loch Scavaig, 261, 271
Loch Ness, 234
Lochaish, 245
elegant Yacht at, 169
Lochiel, 194
Lord Cranston's Cottage, 121
Maclean, 195
Macdonald, 99
Macgregors, 199
M'Innes, 223
M'Millan's Cottage, 259
Macrae's, 90
Monastery of Inchaid, 10
Mount Stewart, 11
Approach to, 12
House of, 12
Entrance Hall of, 24
Gardens of, 32
Walks of,
Portraits at:
" Duchess of Lauderdale, 16

Page

Mount Stewart, Portraits at:
„ Lord Bute, 17
„ Duchess of Orleans, 18
„ Rubens, 15
„ Lady Jane Douglas 19
„ Countess of Percy, 23
„ Countess of Lonsdale, 15
„ Countess of Macartney, 15
„ Lady M. W. Montague, 21
„ Lady M. Menzies, 22
„ Duchess of Queensberry, 23
Muckairn, 102
Opium Eating, 26
Officer's Cottage, 49
Ossian's Cave, 145
Penimore, 59
Poor Beggar, 269
Popish Chapel, 151
Prince Charles, 163
Prince Charles's Cave, 210
Ratachan, 240
Roman Catholic Priest, 301
Rothesay, 1
Air of, 3
Bay of, 5
View from Inn of, 6
Castle, 8
County Jail of, 9
Villa near, 33
Sailing Vessel, 107
Seavaig and Corusk, 209
Scotticisms, 97
Sir Alan Cameron, 160
South Hall, 45

Page
Strath, 201
Strathaird's Cave, 213
Strathglass, 291
Swiss and German cottages, 13
Strathpeffer, 318
Invalids at, 321
French abigail at, 323
333
Tain, 334
Gothic Church at, 336
Baillie Ross at, 337
Funeral at, 338
Whinstone at, 338
Accident at, 13
Temple Newsome, 314
Upper servants, 263
Urquhart Castle, 164
Veto law,

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